

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ABDALLA,

SON of HANIF,

Sent by the

*Sultan of the* INDIES,

To make a Discovery of the

Island of BORICO,

Where the *Fountain* which restores *past Youth*  
is supposed to be found.

Also an Account of the

TRAVELS of ROUSCHEN,

A PERSIAN LADY, to the TOPSY-  
TURVY Island, undiscover'd to this Day.

The whole intermix'd with several Curious and  
Instructive HISTORIES.

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Translated into *French* from an *Arabick* Manuscript  
found at *Batavia* by Mr. de SANDISSON:

And now done into ENGLISH

By WILLIAM HATCHETT, Gent.

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Adorn'd with CUTS.

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L O N D O N:

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THE  
Lord WALPOLE.

*May it please Your LORDSHIP.*

My LORD,



It is with the Foreigners *Language* as with their *Physiognomies*: Both are to be distinguish'd by Persons of *polite* Taste, and such as have visited the *different* Parts of *Europe*; of what

## DEDICATION.

what *Nation* soever they be, or under what *Dress* soever they appear. If it be reckon'd rather commendable than otherwise to consult the *Ancients*, and those *Moderns* of the neighbouring Nations, who deserve our Search, I can't see why our Curiosity should not be equally rais'd, in diving into the Method those take of transmitting their Productions to *Posterity*, who are at a much greater Distance from us; tho' they inhabit among *Barbarians*, or even in *another World*.

May I presume, therefore, *my Lord*, to plead for your Patronage, in Favour  
of

## DEDICATION

of my *Arabian* Author, for such he was, though now cloak'd under an *English* Dress. Your *Lordship* will find in the following Sheets some *Satyr* and some *Morality*; but should they, *by much*, fall short of an *Horace* or *Seneca*; should the *Version* be judg'd *unfaithful* or any Ways *wounded*, I entreat Your *Lordship* will please to consider *him*, as a very *remote* Stranger to *European* Customs, and *me*, as a *young* Undertaker of this *Kind*.

When I reflect on the various Obligations every true *Briton* has to the Name of *WALPOLE*, without enumerating

## DEDICATION.

merating the particular Virtues of Your *Lordship*, I am overwhelm'd, with conscious *Shame*, at the *Mean-ness* of the *Offering*; but as all Sacrifices owe their chief Merit to the *Zeal*, which occasions them, I am encourag'd to hope a favourable Reception of this, and the Honour of devoting myself hereafter, with the most profound Duty and Submission,

My LORD, 8 N059

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

*Most Humble,*

*Most Faithful and*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

WILLIAM HATCHETT. •





## Adveitisement.



*THE Letter that Monsieur de Sandiffon wrote, when he sent me the Works of Abdalla, is so instructive, that it may serve instead of a Preface to this Translation. I thought proper therefore, after having made some small Amendments in the Style, to incert it ; and so shall content myself with making here some proper Remarks on my own Performance.*

*I have often been at a great Loss how to give a right Version to those Passages, which are quite different from our Customs ; and I have as often been tempted to adapt them all after the French Fashion. I try'd, indeed, to accomplish it, but whether it be Prepossession, or that the Eastern Histories, when disguis'd, lose of their Beauty, I know not, my Endeavours al-*  
*ways*

*ways seem'd Unsuccessful. I then imagin'd it would be best to keep a Medium, to soften certain Places, and to explain others by short Notes.*

*I have taken a particular Care to set in a true Light, all that regards the Religion of the Indians, and the Opinion of the Mahometans touching the Genii. The Accounts we receive from all the noted Travellers, who have visited the Indies, and treated on the Manners of the Indians, have long since, furnish'd us with Expressions convincing enough to prove the Superstition of that People. It is true, few of those Travellers have taken Notice of the Indian Theology, as pertinently as the Story of the Widow deliver'd from the Fire; which very thing renders the Works of Abdalla more valuable and curious. As to the good and bad Genii, and the different Things they meddle with, according to the Credulity of the Arabians and Persians, those who have read the Oriental Works of Monsieur Vattier, and who read those which Messieurs Petis, de la Croix, and Galland, daily communicate to the Publick, with so much Success, cannot but be pretty well acquainted with them.*

*Some Readers may perhaps readily object against*

gainst the Word *Genne*, because I have not alter'd it from the Original; but I beg they'll consider, there are *Genii* of both Sexes, and that to distinguish them, nothing is more easy than to say, *Genius* and *Genne*: Whereas, in being confin'd to the Term only of *Genius*, there would be a Necessity of saying, *Genii* Male and *Genii* Female, which in the Course of a Story somewhat long, would prove very troublesome; besides, I cannot think but it would be equally disagreeable to the Ear to say, *Genii* Female, when it must be attributed to so many Female Creatures of that Kind.

If the Word *Fairy* had signify'd the same Thing, I might have employ'd it instead of *Genne*, but it implies a quite different Signification: the *Fairy* neither being the Female of the *Genius*, nor the *Genius* the Male of the *Fairy*. A *Fairy* is not a Creature of a superior Order: Those who were of that Opinion are mistaken; she is an ordinary Woman, which may be easily prov'd by all the Narrations of the *Antients*. Among these Narrations one may know the *Fairies*, not only by themselves, but likewise by their Kindred. But not to be confuted by the Authority of the old Oriental Books: The *Fairy* *Morgan*, whom the History of *Lancelot du Lac* speaks of, was she not the Sister of King *Artus*? The *Fairy* that  
Guerin

Guerin Mesquin examin'd, and all those whom he found with her in the obscure Grotto's of the Apennine Mountains, were Women, and sinful ones; 'tis he himself makes mention of it, in the Book which bears his Name. The Genealogy of the Fairy in the Island of Hircania, is describ'd in the History of Palmerin d'Olive, and his Children. In that of the Knight of the golden Star (Stella de Oro) is prov'd, that the Fairy in the Valley of Shades, was a Woman of this World. It would be insignificant to expatiate any farther on this Subject, therefore I return to the Genii.

According to the Mahometan Authors, the World before the Creation of Adam was inhabited by the Genii: The one call'd Divs\*, and the others Peris: The first was Bad, and the latter Good. This Opposition of Inclinations caus'd a continual Discord; but Adam, who was to give the Universe new Inhabitants, in Exclusion of the Genii, had no sooner appear'd, than a much greater Division arose between them. The Peris, who were submissive to God in every thing, not only augmented their hatred against the Divs, but even a new Faction

\* This Word I've, ought to be pronounc'd like a Consonant, in Dive.



*broke out among the Evil Genii. Several of their Legions open'd their Eyes to the Truth, and went and establish'd themselves in the Mountain of Kaf, under the Conduct of Surkhrag, their Chief. The other Genii continu'd living together, notwithstanding their Divisions; and surrendring up to Mankind almost all the Earth, they inhabited that Part which they call after their own Name, the Ginnistan. Under the Reign of Solomon, a great Number of Divs was again converted; others, likewise follow'd the right Path, by hearing, as Mahomet says, the Alcoran read. As to the Peris, we never heard of their changing; nor that they had even the Thought of separating themselves, till the Time of Queen Feramak.*

*This little Exposition seems necessary for the better Understanding of this Work, which supposes a great Knowledge of the Oriental Fables. I shall observe farther, that I found as much Difficulty in Regard of the Peris and Divs, as I had done on Account of the Genii in General. You meet with both Sexes among the Peris and Divs; for that Reason, I've been oblig'd to add to their Names a Termination that may distinguish them. I call therefore the Peris and Divs, simply, Males; and their Companions the Perises and Dives, Females.*

*The*

*The Peris and Divs have Disciples. The Women, instructed by the Peris, are properly speaking, Fairies; and the Men, Disciples of the same Genii, are call'd Sages: Such as Alquif and the Knight dell'Isola Serrata. Those of both Sexes, who subject themselves to the Divs, are call'd Sorcerers and Sorceresses.*

*If, in reading the Preliminary Letter, you meet with any Obscurity in the Adventure which follows these Marks \* \* \* \*, that Intricacy will be unravell'd, by reading the History of the Persian Lady Rouschen.*



8 N059



Monf. de SANDISSON'S  
LETTER  
TO THE  
TRANSLATOR,

Written at BATAVIA the 13th of  
*December*, in the Year 1703.

S I R,



DO not understand *Arabick*  
enough to know the true Worth  
of the Memoirs I fend you ;  
be so Good, therefore to excuse  
me, if I intreat you to put me in a Con-  
dition of becoming somewhat a Judge of  
it. To request such a Favour, is, if I  
mistake

mistake not, advising you to translate them into *French*. I wish you may find them curious enough to engage you in the Performance of it.

The learned *Arabians*, to whom I have communicated them say, there is a great deal of Difference between the Style of this Work, and that of the *Alcoran*. They assert that the Language of *Abdalla* is mixed with *Usbeck* Expressions, and *Indian* Terms, which would be looked upon at *Mecca* and *Medina* as wretched *Barbarisms*.

In the main, I find them much divided in their Sentiments: Some cannot believe what *Abdalla* says he saw with his own Eyes; others give Credit both to that, and almost all the rest. For my Part, I am inclinable to be much of the same Opinion with the Latter, though I never could attain but a very superficial Account of the principal Adventures. I will give you my Reason for such a Belief, after I have related to you what I know of the Author.

*Hanif*, the Father of *Abdalla*, was a Man much esteemed at Court, and in the Army of *Gehan-Guir*, who preferr'd him to the Post of *Kobat-Kan*, that is to say, of Commissary General of his Horse. He became  
suspected



suspected by *Chah-Jehan*, in the Troubles which attended his Elevation to the Throne. This Prince's Suspicions were perhaps ill-grounded, but however they were, *Hamif* was divested of his Employment, and a Part of his Estate. Notwithstanding this Disgrace, he still resorted to Court, and always appear'd there among the rest of the *Omerahs* with Grandeur, till he ended his Days, which happen'd about two Years before the Departure of his Son. *Abdalla*, a great while after his Return, was sent by *Chah-Jehan* to *Batavia*, in order to set on Foot a Treaty of Commerce with the *East-India* Company's General. During his Negotiation, he died at Monsieur *William Berkuys's* House, where he, with the chief of his Attendance, had been lodged. It was reported that he poysoned himself, but the Truth is, his Death proceeded from an Excess of Chagrin, which the false News of his Master's Death had caused him. He imagined that *Chah-Jehan*, who had always deferred taking the Water of the Fountain of *Borico*, which *Abdalla* brought him, had made Use of it in his Absence; and that for want of duly observing the Circumstances requisite for the drinking it, he had render'd that Liquor fatal, which otherwise was of a heavenly Nature. If he took any, it was  
 a but

but too true in one Sense, since it rais'd so great a Ferment in his Humours, as to make him appear Lifeless for some time, which was the Reason his own Children took immediate Possession of all he had; and that *Aureng-Zebe*, who remain'd sole Master, depriv'd him of his Liberty. It does not belong to us to ask why *Chah Jehan's* recover'd Health so soon relaps'd after his Confinement, but we may judge by the long Life of *Aureng-Zebe*, that his Father left him when he was dying, something more valuable than all the precious Stones, which *Begum-Saheb* \* made him a Present of in a golden Basen. *Aureng-Zebe* would undoubtedly have advanc'd *Abdalla* to the highest Employment of the State, had he been courageous enough to have surviv'd the Report. Upon his Death-bed, he left these Memoirs to his Landlord, and made him some other Presents more considerable. This *Berkuys*, now living, is the Son of *William* of that Name. He was a good big Lad when this happen'd; and so remember'd these Particulars which he related unto me, when he put the Manuscript into my Hands.

\* *Begum-Saheb*, *Aureng-Zebe's* Sister, tended on *Chah-Jehan* during his Imprisonment; and when he was dead, she made *Aureng-Zebe* a Present of a large golden Basen, which contain'd all *Chah-Jehan's* precious Stones, and her own.

I now return to the Motive of my Credulity. I must own, the sudden Changes from one Place to another, and the surprising Adventures which happen at the same time, are the most difficult Incidents to be credited in the following Memøirs; but he, for Example, who receives for Fact the Travels of *Rouschen*, would appear very ridiculous to raise Scruples on the rest of the Book. Now this is exactly my Case. I can't well doubt of the Reality of the Travels of *Rouschen*, since I myself was carry'd away as she was, and detain'd at least two Hours in the Academy of the *Topsy-Turvy* Island.

\* \* \* \* \*

You are sensible how solicitous I've ever been in procuring Books of *Fairies*; since you have been so good hitherto, as to send me all those that have been publish'd. One Night about nine a Clock, as I was in my Cabinet, concluding the Perusal of the last Volume of that Parcel of Books, which were convey'd to me by your Correspondent at *Surat*, I perceiv'd, about six Yards from me, a fine old Gentleman, dress'd in blue, whose grey Beard touch'd his Knees, and who carry'd in his left Hand a Net, resembling that which Fishermen call a casting Net. *Argamasse*, said he to me, first Queen of the blue

*Peris*<sup>a</sup>, and *Aligand* her Spouse, this Day<sup>b</sup> risen from the Dead, are about to put an End to two important Affairs. They have made Choice of you to assist at the Decision of them, and to communicate it to the rest of Mankind. I was, as you may well imagine, very much astonish'd and affrighted; but I had not a Moment allow'd me to recollect myself. The old Gentleman cast his Net over me, and after having sufficiently secur'd me in it, he carry'd me on his Back into my Garden; and from thence through a vast Space of Darknes, very thick and cold, into an Amphitheatre full of People. I did not know where I was, neither could I ever tell, till the History of *Rouschen* since inform'd me: The Amphitheatre where I was being the same she describes. My Carrier presented me to the blue Queen, who plac'd me at her Feet, speaking these four Words: *See, hear, retain and publish.*

A Moment after we heard a great Sound of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets coming from the white Gate. I did not know that Instant, whether it was best to seem pleas'd or melancholy; but the Assembly appearing the former, I very readily comply'd with their Disposition. The Sound of these warlike

<sup>a</sup> *Good Genii.*

<sup>b</sup> *This Mystery is explain'd at length in the History of the Persian Lady.*



Instruments augmented more and more: In a Word, twelve wing'd Kettle-Drummers, and as many Kettle-Drum Carriers, enter'd like Birds, and contributed the more to our Pleasure, as it was opposite to their Nature either to soar up in the Air, or even to support themselves there at all. The *former* were downright *Bears*, produc'd in the new *Zembla*; and the *latter*, the greatest *Asses* that ever came out of *Arcadia* or *Mirabilis*. The Trumpeters that follow'd them were no less extraordinary: Imagine with yourself; twelve large Eels, about the Bigness of two Men, holding in their Mouths twelve Silver Pipes, eighteen or twenty Foot long, and twelve little old Men squeezing their Tails with their Fingers, to oblige them to blow softer or harder, as requir'd. The Eels supported the old Men in the Air, and were sustain'd themselves by the Assistance of four great Wings, which by the Make and inimitable Variety of Colours, resembled those of a Butterfly.

Then there came in a spacious Chariot drawn by four *Dragons*, who had all the Beauty of Beasts of their Kind, without having their Pierceness. Their Wings appear'd to be *Gold*, and their Scales of *Emerald*. The Crests they wore on their Heads were of so beautiful a Colour, that they might pass for

a precious Pile of Rubies. Their long Tails mov'd in Cadence at the Sound of the Kettle-Drums and Trumpets. The Chariot was of Filigreen enamell'd, fix'd on Bars of Gold, and interspers'd with Saphires so nicely wrought, as gave a natural and lively Representation of all Sorts of Flowers and Birds. The fair *Glastine* was plac'd majestically in it. There was so nigh a Resemblance between *Argamasse* her Grandmother, thrice remov'd, and herself, that I could have known her without being told it by any Body. A very melancholy Prisoner who had a Book under his Arm, on which he now and then cast sad Looks, was ty'd behind the Chariot, and chose rather to be dragg'd by than to follow it. After he was gone past, I perceiv'd something wrote upon his Back, where I read these Words: *The Count of Gabalis, a noted Impostor*. The Kettle-Drummers and Trumpeters rang'd themselves at the Extremities of the *Area*, and the *Dragons* plac'd *Glastine* and her Chariot exactly in the Middle. This *Perise* saluted those risen from the Dead, and then spoke to the Queen *Argamasse* to this Effect. The Presence of the Prisoner already declares the Success of one Part of the Commission I was charg'd with, and I have not been less diligent and exact in discharging the other.

I was

I was ordered to inspect all the new Books that treat about us : I have not fail'd doing it ; but I am very much dissatisfied with what I have observed in them. No Body scarce has wrote well on our Subject, ever since the Death of the faithful *Galerus*. We see nothing Now-a-days publish'd, but trifling Books, unworthy of us. I shall prove what I say by one Sketch alone; for to make an entire List of these insipid, forc'd Works, and to give a Detail of the many Impertinences they contain, would be making you unnecessarily undergo the same Pains I have been at.

Did you ever hear talk of *Obligeanine*, *Bienfaisante*, *Rancune*, *Tranquille*, *Bourgillone*, *Plaisir*, and *Berlinguette* ? What Sort of People Name you there, said *Argamasse* ? *Perises*, or as they call them in *Europe*, *Fairies*, reply'd *Glastine*. There was never any of that Name, answered *Argamasse*. I grant it, resumed *Glastine* ; they make them likewise equal to the Gods, that never were so : For Example, they unite *Runcune* with *Paetolus*,

The Moveables, which these pretended *Fairies* make use of, are no less opposite to Probability : Such as, *Sofas of Avanturine Couches of Azuli Stone*, *Stools of Cornelian*, and *Canopies of Amber*. Don't you admire the Choice of these Materials ? If these Goods

be delicately wrought, they are very brittle; but yet if they were clumsy and massy, how could they be removed? Not to mention the eminent Danger would accrue to the Canopy of Amber \* from its too near approach to the Fire. What will you say of the *Buildings of Nacre*, of the *Assiote Wine*, and of the *Onix Stone*, belonging to these said *Fairies*? I assure you, interrupted *Aligand*, these must be Women different from the rest of their Sex, who undertake to write such fine Things. I was not willing to inform myself too much about it, continued *Glastine*; but if these are Women, they feel a *Father's Love*, for the Works they are Mothers of. Are these Charming *Fairies* that you have named us, resumed the blew *Peri*, in good repute with honest People? O dear! Yes, said *Glastine*: Their Princes and Princesses are very excellent Persons: As the *Queen of Cabbage Lettices*, the *Prince Small Pea*, the *Princess Beancod*. Upon which, there was an agreeable murmuring made in the Company, and I heard the major Part of the young *Peris* say to one another; Certainly Men must needs think all that's charming of this little crowned People, for they are most delightful to the Eye. Here are others, continued *Glastine*, whose majestick

\* *Yellow Amber dissolves in the Fire.*



Names will inspire you with more reverence. As, *King Coquerico*, *King Peudaquet* and the *King of Dunces*; are not these Potent Princes? As she affected to pronounce these ridiculous Names, with an Air of Gravity, the Assembly burst into a Fit of Laughter, which continued for some Time. At last, she cried out, after having laugh'd as well as the rest of the Company, Let me entreat you, at least, not to contemn the Heroes and Heroines, which these illustrious *Fairies* think to protect: Being, *a little Pig*, but *the prettiest little Pig that ever was seen*; *a Sea Princess*, whose *Hair is of the finest White that ever was heard of*; and *a Swallow*, but *the most beautiful little Swallow that ever was seen*. Say no more, Daughter, interrupted *Aligand*; how could so many Absurdities enter into your Head? I've no more to say on this Subject, replied *Glastine*, it now lies in the Queen's Breasts, to see what Remedy must be applied to suppress the itching Mind, every Body is possessed with, Now-a-Days, to become Authors. If they are suffered to proceed, all the World will at last suppose us to be like the *Obligeantines* and the *Bourgillones*: Nay, they'll even believe that some Part of the *Cabalistick* Islands is still existing, and that this Wretch, looking on *Gabalis*, is Captain of the *Philosophers*, who are suppos'd to inhabit therein.

It

It's highly necessary, said *Argamasse*, that we maturely consider on putting a Stop to all petty Scriblers, and on punishing *Gabaliz*. By these few Words speaking, she dispos'd the Queens to give their Advice, and went even in Person to know it. After this she resum'd her Place, and clos'd the first Affair by this Sentence.

Whereas we have been informed, that Persons of different Ages and Sexes meddle with composing Books ; wherein they attribute many Things to us, which we are mere Strangers to, and wherein they unjustly confound us with Chimerical *Fairies* : We *Perise* and *Argamasse*, ancient Queens of the blew Palace, after having taken the Advice of the five Ruling Queens, have resolved in our Academical Council, that such Authors, as are found guilty shall receive Punishment, though with Clemency for the first Transgression. If such Offenders happen to be Women they shall be addicted to Sluttishness ; sometimes troubled with frightful Dreams ; and at other times possessed with the Spirit of Talkativeness to Excess. If the like Disaster befall Men, they shall be plagued with a stinking Breath, during the Space of three Years ; and they shall affect to live after such a Manner, as will make them be pointed at by every Body. And  
to

to the End that all such Disorders, which may arise hereafter, be effectually suppressed, it is enacted and ordered, by the Advice of our said Council, that the Nails of either Sex, who shall inconsiderately imploy their Pen on our Subject, be immediately changed into Claws, and that a continual Itching affect the minuteſt Part of their Bodies. Moreover, we expreſſy forbid all Perſons, of what Denomination ſoever, and even thoſe whom we ſhall have deputed to tranſmit our Actions to Poſterity to make Compoſitions by themſelves ; but we ſtrictly enjoin and expect Men ſhall conſult with able and ingenious Women, when their Off-ſprings require maſterly Sentiments and Amendments ; and that Women likewise ſhall ſhew their Productions to Men of good Senſe and Penetration, who ſhall take particular Care to cleanſe them from all Contradiſtions, Exaggerations and Tautologies. For ſuch is our Will and Pleaſure.

This Sentence being pronounced, they paſſed to the Judgment of *Gabal*. The Queens thought proper that he ſhould make his Speech. The Order was ſignified to him by *Glaſtine*, and he made it in the following Terms.

Since my ill Fate has ſo decreed that I ſhould fall into your Hands, and that in  
ſpite

spite of all my Knowledge and Cunning, I shall not be able to escape them; it behoves me to employ all my Thoughts to excite Compassion, and endeavour by a sincere and hearty Acknowledgement, to mitigate the Punishment due to my Crimes. I must confess therefore, I have used my utmost Efforts to give a new Gloss to an Art, which you have thought fit to condemn; and that I have neglected nothing to establish myself in the good Opinion of the World. I have endeavoured to make the Black Art, a Science taught by the *Divs*\* pass for true Wisdom; and as for myself, I sometimes borrowed the Title of a *German Count*, and at other Times went under the Name of the Captain of the Philosophers, that lived in the *Cabalistical* Islands. When first I took up the scribbling Trade, I strove to confound you with the *Divs*, but without Success; because it was impossible for Men either to discern you through the *bad* Actions of the *Divs*, or to distinguish those by your *good* Ones. Thus I was deluded to undertake what chiefly drew upon me your Indignation; and further, supposing the Existence of the four elementary People, endeavoured to engage the Publick to attri-

\* *Evil* Genij. In the *Word* Div, I've ought to be pronounced almost like an F.



but those Prodigies to them, which in reality belonged to you ; and to believe you were subject to us. I might in some Measure, extenuate my Crime, by representing to you, that I am not the Author of the *Sylphes*, *Gnomes*, *Nymphes*, nor of the *Salamanders*, of whom *Paracelsus*, *Vigenere*, and some others have treated on before my Pupil ; and that his too great Facility to give Ear to my Discourses, did but too much encourage me to impose it on him ; but you are equally acquainted with what remains to clear me, as with that which renders me guilty in your Sight.

*Gabalus* fetch'd a great Sigh, and bow'd down his Head, after having finish'd his Speech. His Punishment was deferr'd till he had declar'd all the Secrets of the black Faction, which he was look'd upon to be the Chief of at that Time among Men. *Argamasse* commanded therefore, the Prison of the Academy to appear, in order to lodge the Criminal in it. She had no sooner spoke but the Earth open'd about ten Yards from *Gabalus*, and discover'd a most terrible Monster. He was as big as six *Elephants*, and his Body was only cover'd with a wrinkled Skin without any Hair on it. His Eyes were large but hollow, and the prodigious Width of his Mouth resembled the Brink of an Abyss.

His Belly touch'd the Ground, and was only supported by four huge Paws, forasmuch as it was necessary to move very slowly. What a Prison that Belly must make ! The Monster approach'd *Gabalís* by Degrees, and when he was at a very little Distance from him, he open'd his Mouth, and receiv'd this Wretch into the Bottom of his Entrails. After this Expedition, which fill'd me with Horror, the living Prison repair'd to the Place from whence it came out, and the Earth clos'd of itself. Thus ended the second Affair.

As soon as the Assembly broke up, my Carrier, dress'd in blue, cast his Net over me, took me on his Shoulders, and carry'd me back again to my Cabinet, where he left me, repeating the two last of the four Words, that *Argamasse* had said to me ; *retain* and *publish*. Some Moments after this it struck twelve a Clock.

It would be somewhat difficult, Sir, not to remember such a strange Adventure as mine was. To make it perfectly known to the World, the best way would be to print it, if all Books that are published, sold well enough for being publickly censured. To conclude, I hope now you'll no longer wonder at my Facility in believing the Prodigies contain'd in the Memoirs of *Abdalla* ; so I finish my Letter by assuring you that I am, &c.



A

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T H E





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ABDALLA,  
SON of HANIF.



Towards the Conclusion of the *Ramadan*<sup>a</sup>, in the sixth Year of the Reign of *Chah-Jehan*<sup>b</sup>, Pillar of Faith, *Oglouf-Kan*, Captain of the Palace Guards, came into my Chamber, a little while before the second Prayer<sup>c</sup> began, and spoke to me in the following manner. *Abdalla*,

<sup>a</sup> The Ramadan is the Mahometans Month of Fasting, during which solemn Fast, they neither eat nor drink from the rising of the Sun till the Stars begin to appear. They abstain likewise, till that Moment, from lying with their Wives.

<sup>b</sup> Chah-Jehan the great Mogul, Father of Aureng-zebe, and Son of Jehan-Guir, Son of Ekbar, Son of Houmayous, the seventh Descendant of Tamerlane.

<sup>c</sup> The Mahometans are oblig'd to pray five times a Day, namely, a little after Sun-rising, just after noon Day, before Sun-setting, at Sun-setting, and very late at Night.

Son of *Hanif*, I wish the Command I am going to execute, may prove advantageous to thee. Give me thy Sabre and follow me to the Sultan's, for such is his Pleasure. The Moment I heard these Words, I fell prostrate, and after having ador'd God, *Oglouf-Kan*, answer'd I, put thy Hand upon my Head; the Sultan is Master of my Life; and I am his Slave. At the same Time I deliver'd him up my Sabre and follow'd him. There were ten Guards posted at the Bottom of the Stairs, who environ'd me; and with this Attendance I pass'd thro' all the Courts belonging to the Palace, and at last was brought before *Chab-Jeban*.

This Monarch had no other Company with him but *Emir-Gemla*, Son of *Gabdol*, who was General of his Forces at that Time, and the venerable *Fazel-Kan*, Son of *Hasam*, Chief of the *Imans*<sup>d</sup>. *Oglouf-Kan*, who went before me, presented him my Cimeter, and said: Light of the Faithful, *Abdalla*, without the least Resistance, has submitted himself to thy Orders; may thy Enemies imitate his Example. Tho' I was not conscious of being Criminal in any thing, yet I felt an extreme Fear and Dread seize my Spirits: However, I arm'd my self so as to prevent any Appearance of it in my Countenance. The Sultan's Eyes were no ways fiery, but that was not sufficient to assure me; for, what occasion is there to shew Wrath only to destroy a Shrub? As soon as he saw me at his Feet, Son of *Hanif*, said he to me, let us pray; let us fall down before him who never dies. These Words encreas'd my Terror. The Sultan, the General, the Iman, the Captain of

<sup>d</sup> Mahometan Ecclesiasticks, who have the Care of the Mosques.

the Guards, the Guards that attended at the Door, knelt down, bow'd their Faces towards the Ground, and glorify'd the Prophet. Uncertain of my Fate, I invok'd this faithful interpreter of the Will of the Almighty to be my Protector. My Soul communicated her Meditations to him thus: Messenger of God, if I've always detested the three Heresies; <sup>e</sup> if my Resolutions were sincere, when I went to pay Honour to thy Shrine, and to bedew with my Sweat the holy Mount *Arafat*<sup>f</sup>; if I have made it hitherto the chief Delight of my Mind, and the Attention of my Eyes, to read over the divine Book, be then my support. The Computation of my Days will soon perhaps be expir'd. I see already the dark and frightful Angels <sup>g</sup> ready to receive me. Remember how much Faith I repose in thee; there is but one God, and thou art his Prophet.

The Prayer being ended, the Sultan rose up, and turning towards me, said, Son of *Hanif*, I have resolv'd on making thee undertake a long Voyage, bow down thy Head. Father of *Musselmen*, answer'd I, with a pretty bold Accent, the Voyage will be certainly long, and without return, which

<sup>e</sup> *The three principal Heresies among the Mahometans are, First, That by Grace we are saved independently of the Law. Secondly, That by Truth we are sav'd independently both of Grace and the Law. Thirdly, That all Religions are Good. Those who maintain this last Principle are burnt as soon as discover'd. Nevertheless, Mahomet himself has taught this Doctrine: " Every Man, says he, that practises virtue, Jew, " Christian, or other, who quits his Religion to embrace " another; every Man, who adores God, and does good " actions, will be sav'd. Alc. az. 2.*

<sup>f</sup> *A Mountain not far from Mecca, where Adam and Eve's Eyes were open'd, according to the Mahometan Fables. The Pilgrims that go to Mecca run up it.*

<sup>g</sup> *Monkir and Quarekir, dark Angels, to whom the Mahometans are deliver'd after Death.*

we must all expect to make at different Times; may the most mighty and merciful God multiply thy Years. When I had pronounc'd these few Words, I comforted my self on my Knees, and stretch'd forth my Neck. He drew out my Sabre, which he had not let out of his Hands, even during the Prayer, and extended his Arm; but instead of severing my Head from my Body, he sheath'd the Blade again; which unexpected Clemency exacted from the Assistants loud Acclamations of Joy; I open'd my Eyes, which Darkness, the Forerunner of Death, had already clos'd. How great was my Surprize! *Chah-Jehan*, with a pleasant Aspect, came and rais'd me from my former Position, embrac'd me, and avow'd he was as much charm'd with my Courage, as with my Obedience. Then he order'd *Oglouf-Kan* to retire with his Guards, plac'd me between *Fazel-Kan* and *Emir-Jemla*, over against his Sopha, and made Signs to *Emir-Jemla* to speak to me.

My Lord, said *Emir-Jemla*, I have seen and talk'd with a Man that was 340 Years of Age, and who had ten more to live. He was found oppress'd with Chains, in the King of *Golkonda's* Camp, after the Defeat, and the Victory which you obtain'd over him, procur'd this same Person his Liberty. I detain'd him three Days, which hardly suffic'd to relate the Revolutions that he had seen, during the Course of his long Life. I did not think it fit to keep him any longer, so I gave him the Sum of ten Roupies<sup>h</sup>, with his Liberty to go where he pleas'd. He was a Native of *Bengal*, and was call'd the old Man of that Place. His Eyes were very much sunk in

<sup>h</sup> A Piece of Silver, worth about thirty Pence, French Money.



his Head, his Voice was clear, his Hair and Beard very nicely comb'd out, and as white as Snow. Tho' his Visage was full of Wrinkles, yet it wore a fine fresh Colour, and one might easily discover in it a Gaiety that naturally accompanies a perfect Health. He seem'd to have been bigger than he was, and his Body being thus shrunk, cou'd scarcely be brought to stoop. The Nerves in his Neck appear'd likewise to be contracted, and to have drawn his Head nigher to his Shoulders; nevertheless he walk'd nimbly, and without any thing to support him. Being ask'd what means he us'd to attain so very advanc'd an age, he told me, his Father, who was 350 Years old, had bequeath'd three Dozes of the Water brought from the Fountain of the Island of *Borico*, and that by virtue of which, he had been thrice restor'd to his former Youth. I cautiously desir'd him to tell me in what Part of the World this Island was, and whether it was permitted to fetch any of the Water contained in this blessed Fountain of Life. He protested he could not answer either of the Questions, and that he had even several times propos'd the same Demand to his Father, but could never be satisfy'd in them. I then press'd him very strenuously to inform me, by what means his Father came by so surprizing a Liquor: He always made answer it was a Present made him by *Vichnou*, <sup>i</sup> a God, whom he had for a long time sacrific'd to. Thus, my Lord, you have heard all I cou'd gather from this *Kasar*.<sup>k</sup> So fabulous a Conclusion as that was, did not a little contribute to make me despise him; for after

<sup>i</sup> *Parabaravaftou, the Chief of the Gods, created, as the Indians say, three inferior Gods, namely, Bruma, Vichnou and Routren.*

<sup>k</sup> *Or Kafer, wicked, treacherous.*

what Manner soever I question'd him, he still persisted in the same Story. *Emir* having finish'd what he had to say, *Chab-Jehan* turn'd towards the Son of *Hafam*, who with the most profound Respect, mov'd his Hand to his Forehead, and spoke in the following Manner.

Sacred Defender of the Faithful, may the Sword of the destroying Angel <sup>1</sup> grow rusty in thy Favour. I have neither conceal'd my Sentiments from thee, nor disguis'd what our Books have taught me. *Amrou*, Son of *Gigim*, says, in his History of the World, in the Chapter where he treats of those Parts obvious to our Knowledge, tho' we don't know precisely where they lie, that the Island of *Borico* is situated by it self, surrounded by a vast Extent of Sea; that Days and Nights are of an Equality; and that Trees bear Fruit all the Year there, because the Alteration of the Seasons is imperceptible. He also makes mention of the Water that gives youthful Vigour to Bodies impair'd by Weakness and old Age; and assures us, that a small Piece of Building environs the Fountain. The chief Priest, who alone has the keeping of the Key of this Edifice, disposes of none of the Water, but after certain Directions, which he prescribes. The Natives even of the Island are depriv'd of it, and only allow'd to make use of what conveys itself into the Out Parts, which has nothing nigh the same Virtue. It fortifies indeed, but the Source only can restore Youth. The Water of the Fountain tastes like the most exquisite Wine, and is of such Strength, that the least Excess of drinking it kindles a Fire in the

<sup>1</sup> His Name is *Adriel*, he destroys all Mankind. According to *Mahomet*, he will be chang'd into a Sheep at the End of the World, and will kill himself between Hell and Paradise.

Veins, which is not to be extinguished but by the Loss of Life.

But who instructed *Amrou* so well, interrupted *Chab-Jeban*? and from whom had he this Relation? My Lord, resum'd the Chief of the *Imans*, he does not satisfy us as to that Article, but I fancy he must have had it from some Traveller; for he adds, that several Foreigners had in vain attempted to take the little Edifice by Force. "An Army of Phantoms, *says he*, suppress'd their Temerity. Some were menac'd by Lyons "and Dragons in Wrath; and others were repell'd by huge Giants, ready to eat them up. "Some felt the Earth quake under their Feet; "and others again had like to have been consum'd by blazing Cataracts of elemental Flames. "All the Natives came pouring down likewise "in Arms upon them; insomuch, that those "who cou'd soonest reach their Vessel, esteem'd themselves most bless'd with God's divine Assistance.

Its very probable, My Lord, that the Son of *Gigim*, who neglected no Opportunity of cultivating his Understanding, heard a Description of what I've just now related, by some of those who made their Escape.

The Sultan, perceiving *Fazel-Kan* had given over speaking, broke out into an Exclamation, saying thrice together, what a Treasure would the Water of that Source be! Then he look'd stedfastly on me, and said; *Abdalla*, if the Voyage I seem'd to threaten thee with cou'd not make thee afraid, how shouldst thou dread going that of the Island of *Borico* in my Service? I was extremely rejoic'd at last, to know what my Adventure was likely to produce. Most potent of Kings, answer'd I, I fear none but thee on Earth.

This Instant I'll range the Seas, and cut me to Pieces if I don't bring thee what thou desirest. Depart instantly, reply'd *Chab-Jeban*, for the Years thou shalt annex to mine, shall prove as many happy ones to thee. Despise the Phantoms of *Amrou*, his Recital of them is superfluous. A resolute and arm'd People was sufficient to subdue those who have impos'd on this Author. I receiv'd my Orders with the most profound Humility. The Sultan strictly charg'd us to conceal the Secret, and deputed *Emir-Jemla* to supply me with what was necessary for the Voyage. Then I withdrew full of Joy and Inquietude.

The next Morning at peep of Day, I left *Agra*, and dispos'd my self to join a Caravan that was just going to *Cambaye*. I had no Equipage but an ordinary Suit of Cloaths on my Back, tho' I carried about me, in Gold and Jewels, to the Value of a Town. I commonly let the Company I met with pass by me, on purpose that I might have the more Liberty to think on the Means of executing my Commission. I was very pensive; I thought there was no Possibility of Success, and look'd upon my Expedition as a Banishment. I am going, said I, to wander I know not where, in quest of an Island that perhaps is no where to be found. Nothing is more certain than my incertitude of the Road I ought to take. However, I began at last to arm my self against the discouraging Thoughts my Soul had suggested, and to take such Measures, as should either make me succeed contrary to all hope, or convince me my Search was vain. A Day's Journey from *Bargant*, I perceiv'd I was not the only Person that had avoided Company to indulge Reflection. A young Man, well mounted, of a very agreeable Aspect, seem'd to be much in the same way of thinking  
with



with my self, which I was convinc'd of by the several Observations I made of him. His melancholy Air having inspir'd me with Curiosity, I follow'd him pretty briskly. When I was somewhat near to him, I heard him fetch a great Sigh, and say pretty high, supposing himself alone; *Ob! if she now escapes, I am irretrievably lost.* The Noise of my Horse interrupting his Reflection, we saluted each other. The Conversation at first was carried on with Indifference, till at last we both became interested in it. I found Means to insinuate my self into his Confidence, and therefore he made no Difficulty to relate me the Subject of his Inquietudes, in the following Manner.

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### *The History of* ALMORADDIN.

**M**Y Name is *Almoraddin*, and I am the only Son of a Merchant, who was about three Years ago, one of the Richest of *Cambaye*. His Excess of Love and Tenderness for me, has reduc'd him into very indifferent Circumstances; and for the same Reason, perhaps, he is just on the Brink of consuming what little Substance he has left. Alas! how wretched am I, to be both the Cause of his Misfortune and my own! I've deluded him into an Abyss of my own making, where Love and Vanity have continually precipitated me, and where Despair now plunges me a third Time. Some Relations Sons of our Business, resolving to apply themselves to Commerce, and to go a trafficking Voyage to *Siam*, made me an offer to forsake Pleasures and Idleness, as they

had

had done, in order to see the World, and to acquire Riches. I was easily prevail'd upon to comply, and as easily brought my Father to give into it. He equip'd me a fine Ship, loaded it with rich Merchandise, and after having recommended Vigilance and Fidelity to me, and given me his Blessing, I had his Leave to begin my Voyage. We coasted all the Isthma of *India*, without meeting with the least bad Weather; but the Wind changing, when we had sail'd Part of the Island of *Ceylan*, we ventur'd to enter into the Streights of *Malacca*, and thought it best to coast round the Island of *Sumatra*. One Day, as I was amusing my self on Deck, I espied a fine Sea-Port, and adjoining to it, a Town most delightfully situated. I immediately ask'd the Pilot the Name of it, and express'd at the same Time a vast Inclination to go ashore there. That Town, answer'd he, is the capital City of the little Kingdom of *Barrostan*, which is govern'd at present by Queen *Zulikbab*, one of the beautifullest Princesses in the East. She has made a Law, which has been already the Ruin of numberless imprudent Youths. If you follow my Advice, you'll look upon her Port as a dangerous Rock, and we shall pursue our Voyage.

What does that Law enjoin? answer'd I, your Discourse surprises me. This Law, reply'd he, obliges every Commander of a Ship that enters her Port, to lie one Night with the Queen. If any Familiarity happens between them, he must of Necessity become her Spouse; but if he does not answer the warm Expectations of *Zulikbab*, his Vessel, Men and Cargo, are confiscated, and himself banish'd from her Dominions the next Day. Were my Life even to lie at Stake, resum'd I, I am resolv'd to try whether Fortune will

will favour me more than those you have been speaking of, and to experience their Deficiency in pleasing so very amiable a Princess. The Pilot wou'd fain have continued his Remonstrances, but I compell'd him to obey; when we enter'd full sail into the Harbour. Upon my landing, a Crowd of Courtiers met me to pay their Compliments; the Populace look'd upon me in the Streets I pass'd thro', with a Kind of Admiration, and her Majesty gave me a very gracious Reception. The Moment I accosted her, how did her shining Eyes inflame my Soul! Such charming rosy Lips! accompanied with such regular Features, as can only be imagin'd! what a heavenly Complexion! how delicate a Shape<sup>a</sup>! what Sweetness, and what Majesty united together! to see all these Charms center'd in one Person transported me. I most willingly receiv'd the Impression they made, in Expectation of enjoying them immediately when the happy Opportunity approach'd. *Zulikbab* took me by the Hand, and having seated me nigh her, she ask'd me, with all the Affability imaginable, if I was acquainted with the Laws of that Country? Fair *Zulikbab*, reply'd I, your Laws are not unknown to me; could I but merit the Happiness they impose as an Obligation! There can't be any so sweet in the World; nor so severely observ'd, resum'd she, smiling. After that she chang'd the Conversation, and ask'd some Questions concerning me and my Voyage. All I was capable of saying on that Score, seem'd to afford her a Deal of Pleasure. Our Supper was serv'd with the utmost Magnificence, follow'd by a Ball, all the Ho-

<sup>a</sup> Throughout all the East Country, a fine Shape is what gives the Name of Beauty.

nour of which I engross'd, according to the Judgment of the Queen, who could not forbear admiring me perform the Dance <sup>b</sup> of the *Parfes*. When it grew late, she conducted me to her Apartment; a handsome Slave brought us Sweetmeats and Liquors; we undress'd our selves, and the Moment we were in Bed I fell a Sleep. Next Morning, two arm'd Men awoke me, and said in a rough Manner, mind thou observ'st the Law. I open'd my Eyes, examin'd the Place the Queen had quitted, I curs'd my bad Fate for sleeping, dress'd my self with all Expedition, and then the two Men thrust me out of the Palace. No Language is extensive enough to express the Fatigues I underwent in traversing the Island. At last I reach'd *Achen*, where I found a Vessel oblig'd to touch at *Cambaye*, so ship'd my self on board of it, in the Quality of a common Sailor.

Being arriv'd in my native Country, I went directly to one of my Friends, who hardly knew me again, being so much disfigur'd. I made him believe my Ship was lost upon a Rock, and desir'd him to acquaint my Father with my Shipwreck and Arrival. This was sending him the Disease and the Remedy at the same Time. He did not regard the Loss of a third Part of his Riches in the least, but hasten'd to meet me where I was. Oh Son! said he, embracing me, let us rejoice and be of good Comfort; the Sea has left us the most valuable of our Treasures, by preserving thy Life. He led me home, where I found every thing that might engage me to forget the rest of the World. Some time after that, my Companions arriv'd also laden with vast

<sup>b</sup> *The Descendants of the ancient Inhabitants of Persia, who still subsist in some Parts of Indostan and Persia.*





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Riches. I related to them my pretended Misfortune, which they seem'd sensibly affected at. If you are dispos'd, said they, to venture again to Sea next Spring, we will keep in Company the whole Voyage, and your Loss shall be doubly repair'd. I needed not many Persuasions to bring me to a Resolution of leaving *Cambaye* a second Time: The Idea of the charming Queen of *Barrostan* being forcible enough to make me accept the Proposition.

When the Winter Season was almost spent, my Father, taking Notice of my Pensiveness, press'd me to tell him what troubled my Mind. Can you be ignorant of it, replied I? I shall die with Grief, if I don't find some way or other to repair the Loss you have sustain'd by my Misfortune. My dear Child, resum'd he, don't think of exposing your self to fresh Dangers. Let us rather peaceably enjoy our little Certainty at home. This is entirely my advice; but if you are fully bent on courting Fortune a second Time, I love you too well to make any Opposition to it. I burst into Tears of Gratitude, which serv'd to compleat his Tenderness. He prepar'd a Vessel for me, much richer laden than the former; he renew'd his Instructions, and I joyfully set sail along with the rest of my Friends. I had no sooner discover'd the fatal Island, but I let the Company Ships make the Streights of *Malacca* before me; and backening my Courses till Night, I bore away in spite of them. As for the Ships Company, it was fruitless for them to oppose my Design. With what Regret did the faithful and experienc'd Pilot resign his Care of the Rudder, and with how much Joy did I immediately take the Management of it, and steer that Course which blind Love directed me. I was much more

curs'd

carefs'd now than the first Time of my Arrival, I being the only Person that ever return'd thither a second Time. The divine *Zulikbab* strove to charm me by additional Graces, which she made to shine before my Eyes; but alas! how ill did I repay her kind Advances! A jealous Devil lull'd me to sleep as soon as we were in Bed. When I awoke in the Morning, my Astonishment and Despair exceeded all Bounds, and nothing cou'd equal them, but the Hardships I endur'd in my Journey to *Cambaye*.

Here a thousand Sobs interrupted *Almoraddin's* Discourse. I confess, said I to him, your Misfortunes exact Tears, but still you are happy in having learnt both how to avoid Dangers, and to overcome your self. Such Knowledge is never too dear bought. Alas! cry'd he, I have pay'd the Price, without acquiring it. How unfortunate am I! I have lost two Ships and valuable Cargoes with them; my Father commiserates the ill Fate of my second pretended Ship-wreck, and even consents to run the Hazard of a third, which perhaps will reduce us to the last Extremity of Want. We have converted all the little Stock we had left into Merchandise. Even my Father's Liberty stands at stake: He has borrow'd of the wealthy *Mamut* of *Aden*, the Sum of ten thousand *Roupies*, upon Condition of becoming his Slave, if he does not pay him the said Sum again in a Years time.

The easy to be wrought on Goodness of the Father, and the Obstinacy of the Son, excited very much my Compassion. As all Countries were indifferent to me, for what I had to do, I made an offer of my Service to accompany him in his Voyage. I'll unravel, said I to him, what prov'd the Cause of your Miscarriages; you must  
certainly



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certainly have acted void of Precaution. He readily accepted my Proposal, with all the Transports of Joy imaginable: Thus we continu'd travelling always together. I discover'd to him whom I was, and what Reasons had induc'd me to forsake my own Country; attributing only that to my Caprice and Curiosity, which I had never undertaken but by an Order, that strictly enjoin'd me to secrecy. If I may judge of his Thoughts by my own, I fancy we were both equally surpriz'd at the whimsical Motives of our Voyages; and that whilst I was accusing him within my self of *Madness*, he was wondering the same Time at my extravagant *Folly*.

One Day towards Evening, as we were travelling before the Caravan, and entertaining our selves as usual, we heard a sad and lamentable Outcry come from the Ruins of an old Mosque, encompass'd with Trees, and pretty distant from the high Road. We immediately hasten'd that Way, and after having ty'd up our Horses to a Tree, we pass'd thro' a Thicket to the Place, where the Cries, which augmented more and more, were heard. There presented to our View a Gang of *Bramines*<sup>c</sup> and *Fakirs*<sup>d</sup>, who were using Violence to two young Creatures of their own Religion. Tho' four of these Ruffians were employ'd to hold each of them, whilst two of the Chief of the Gang strove to satisfy their Brutality, yet still they made a laudable Resistance. As became true *Musselmens*, we fell upon these infamous Villains, Sword in Hand. Detestable Rascals, said I to them, I'll punish your Impu-

<sup>c</sup> Bramines or Brahmens, religious Gentiles, much respected, but great Cheats.

<sup>d</sup> Another Sort of religious Idolaters.

dence and Hypocrisy, and Death shall be the only Attonement of the foul Crime you attempt to commit. The three that were next me soon experienc'd the Fury of my Arm: The rest, quitting their Hold of the Women, form'd directly a small Battalion, and having drawn their *Canjars*<sup>e</sup> from under their Robes, they dispos'd themselves being thus arm'd to attack us, uttering forth most dreadful Howlings at the same Time. These hideous Shouts had not their design'd Effect; for instead of terrifying us they prov'd fatal to them, drawing almost all the Soldiers belonging to the Convoy of the Caravan to our Assistance. Four more of these Villains had fallen by our Hands when this Succour came up to us; the rest were surrounded and cut in Pieces without any Quarter. I was not wounded in the Action, but *Almoraddin* was slightly in one of his Shoulders.

During the Combat the Women had hid themselves, but as soon as it was ended, they came from the Bushes that had serv'd them as an Asylum. They prostrated themselves before us, greatly acknowledging us for their Deliverers and Masters. We did not suffer them long to remain in this Posture: Praise God, said I to them, and honour *Mahomet* his Prophet, whose Slaves we are; for his invincible Sword has deliver'd you. As the approach of Night did not permit us to stay any longer in that Place, we took up the Women behind us, and went, after having distributed some Money among the Soldiers, who equally divided the Spoils of the Slain, to look for Lodgings.

We were so much fatigu'd, that however curious we might be to hear the Adventures of our

<sup>e</sup> Canjar, a short but very broad *Poniard*.



fair Captives, we gave way to sleep immediately after Supper was over. They pass'd the Night in the same Chamber, much admiring our Modesty; but they were ignorant of *Almoraddin's* Heart being too deeply engag'd at *Sumatra*, and that for my Part, I had resolv'd never to embark myself in any Pleasure that might give me too great an Attachment. The next Day, we provided them with Horses, and pursuing our Journey, we desir'd them to inform us how they came to fall into the Hands of those Villains we deliver'd them from.

The eldest of the two, who was very richly dress'd, drew from her Bosom a little Parcel, which she presented to me, saying: It is highly just that I should give you some Proofs of my Gratitude, and that the Plunder, which the Hypocrites thought to make, should devolve on you. I made a decent Refusal of her Present, as did also *Almoraddin*. You are not sensible, reply'd she, of what I offer you. She open'd the Parcel, which prov'd to be a considerable Quantity of Diamonds and other Jewels, very nicely wrought. Since you have, said I to her, so luckily preserv'd this Treasure, it would be as barbarous in us to deprive you of it. Be so good, added *Almoraddin*, as not to delay gratifying our eagerness to hear you, and in doing that, you'll make us all the Return we require. The generous Answer of this Merchant, considering the present Posture of his Affairs, enhanc'd very much my Esteem of him.

*The Adventure of the INDIAN LADY,  
deliver'd from the Fire.*

NOT long ago, resum'd the Lady to those present, I was the happiest Woman in all *Kitour*. My Husband was both young, handsome and complaisant; his Relations shew'd me the most tender Regard, and each Day produc'd a new Scene of Delight. I was married a twelve Month, and I scarce thought it one. At last, a terrible Fit of the Cholick unhappily put an End to my Husband's Life and my own Felicity, which the most skilful Physicians try'd in vain to preserve. When he gave up his last Breath, I was sitting down at the Head of his Bed in a most deplorable Condition; his Relations were all in Tears; the *Bramines* invok'd the assisting Spirits, and conjur'd the Day Star to send the Rays of Light to re-animate the then lifeless Body. But alas! that dear Portion of the Divinity was already too far flown from its Matter to be rejoin'd, it was united to its Source. I fell into a Swoond, from which I was no sooner recover'd, but a strange Delirium seiz'd me. I can't tell what my Disorder might make me say at that time, but when my Spirits were settled, I found my self upon my Bed, encompass'd by *Bramines*, who seem'd by their Gestures and Singing to be exceeding Gay.

Their Folly did much augment my Grief. I passionately ask'd them what was the meaning of their Mirth? Their Chief, an aged Man of great Authority, impos'd silence on the rest, and kissing my Hand, in spite of me, said: 'Tis your  
heroic

heroic Virtue we celebrate, your conjugal Tenderness, your faithful Love, a divine Fire, which the purest Flames that ever proceeded from Balm or Cinnamon, are unworthy to be mix'd with. Oh happy deceas'd! continued he, raising his Voice, blisful Soul! bright Spark that augments the Lustre of the Day be no longer agitated! Thy faithful Consort will be shortly rais'd to join and mingle Glory with thee. Whilst he was delivering this fatal Discourse<sup>a</sup>, which I too well comprehended, I endeavour'd to make my Escape; but the cruel old Man, and those who were subservient to him, conspir'd to detain me, continuing to overwhelm me with their deceitful Praises. You are the Glory of your Country, said they, you are the Support of our Religion, a Prodigy of Courage, and a worthy Example to the Memory of succeeding Ages. By you, all Widows will learn to follow their tender Husbands into the other World, and to purify their Charms in the sacred Fire. How delightful is it to blend our Ashes with those we formerly cherish'd, and to fly to the Center of Light to celebrate new Nuptials!

I am unworthy of all these Honours you heap upon me, cry'd I; my Spouse will be satisfy'd with my Tears; I shall rejoin him as he quitted me, when Fate ordains it. But you have chosen, reply'd they all together, to end your Days after a more glorious Manner; your Soul is rais'd above it self. *Oh dearest of Husbands!* did you say, *I cannot, will not survive thee.* You said it, and our Ears heard it; don't therefore op-

<sup>a</sup> The Indian Women are oblig'd to be burnt alive with the dead Bodies of their Husbands, if, in their Grief, they happen to say they'll die for him. The Mahometans endeavour as much as possible to abolish this Custom.

pose any longer a pretended Modesty to the Praises you merit. We have inform'd the Magistrates of it, your Relations, all your fellow Citizens; they have deliver'd you up to our Zeal, and we will not fail to see the Execution of their Desires. I represented that I had not been heard, and that if any Expression slipt from me, worthy of Death, I said it during my Delirium. Notwithstanding this, they listen'd not to my Allegation. My Frenzy was judg'd as a supernatural Condition, and capable of acting with Reason in it. My Persecutors did not suffer me out of their Sight, whilst my Husband's Corps was washing, and the Pile of Wood making ready. My Complaints being fruitless, I resolv'd, out of Despair, to refuse taking any Sustainance, and to keep in a continual Silence. This Conduct even was look'd upon as a marvellous Effect of my Virtue, as my infamous Panegyrist would insinuate: The half of my Soul, said they, was already with the Sun, and the other disdain'd the common Weaknesses of human Nature.

The Chief of these *Barbarians*, who found me agreeable to his Inclination, and had a conceal'd Design, was very much alarm'd at my Resolution. The Night before my intended Obsequies, instead of exhorting me as usual, he whisper'd me, and said, *Fear not, fair Lady, I'll find means to save you. The Gods mov'd at my Prayers, resign you up for some time, to their Minister, and command you not to abridge a Life, that even the Flames revere by Hunger.* I greedily swallow'd the Hope of it, without examining too much the Price the Deceiver set upon my Deliverance. I eat, I receiv'd the Congratulations of my Friends, and all the Commissions they gave me for the other World without Concern. The next Day they dress me



in the richest Apparel I had, and conducted me by the Sound of Instruments to the Pile, that was erected at an extraordinary Expence, without the City Gates. I enter'd the Lodge that was prepar'd for me, and my Husband's Body was laid cross my Knees, according to the Custom of *Kitour*. As soon as the Entrance of the Lodge was stopt up, the Pile was set on Fire, and the Air eccho'd with the mournful Sound of the Flutes, and the Acclamations of the Populace. At the first Appearance of the Flames, I was repossess'd of all my former Terror; especially when the combustible Matters I was sitting on, sunk down with me on a sudden under the Earth. The Measures were so well taken, that my Descent prov'd successful. Two *Bramines*, whom I saw not, but heard, immediately remov'd my Husband's Body from me, and having drawn it up again into the Lodge that was all on Fire, they stopt it up with Materials proper for that Purpose. After that, they convey'd me thro' a long and obscure Passage that led into a Vault, where they shut me up.

The Ceremony of my funeral Rites being over, and the Night succeeding, the *Bramines* and their Chief repair'd to the Place where I was. My Vault being pretty large and very light, the Brothers made a very splendid Entertainment, were exceeding merry, and did not a little pun upon the easy Credulity of the People. When Supper was ended, they divided themselves by the old Man's Orders, some going under Ground, and the others without, to put the finishing Stroke to the Reparation of the Place where we descended from the Pile, that the Knowledge of their Artifice might not be perceivable by the most discerning. I expected now to be attack'd by the old *Bramine*,

he remaining alone with me; but whether he had a-Mind to win me by feign'd Respect, or rather, that he did not think the Circumstances suitable, I can't tell; nothing however was offer'd at that Time, but an exaggerated Representation of the Favour he had done me. Six *Bramines*, whom he probably repos'd a particular Confidence in, came back again to us before Day-light, provided with Horses and Provisions. Just after I had taken all the Jewels off my Cloaths, they disguis'd me in a long Robe, like those they wear certain Days in the Year. Thus we set forward, I not knowing whither they design'd to carry me.

The farther we left *Kitour* behind us, the more clearly my odious Lover declar'd in what View he had procur'd my Deliverance. We met Yesterday at *Massan*, a Company of *Fakirs*, who having a Waggon, travell'd more commodious than we. As these Sort of People commonly keep a very good Understanding with each other, their Chief readily accepted the Proposition ours made him to unite Companies. We left our Horses at *Massan*, and I was plac'd next this virtuous Lady, who was expos'd to the same Danger as my self, and the *Bramines* and *Fakirs* sat one among another. Their Chiefs, despairing to bring us to a shameful Consent by fair Means, resolv'd to effect their Designs by having Recourse to the last Extremity; when, luckily for us, the vile Accomplishment of them prov'd abortive, in the Place, that ought to be hereafter the Theatre of your Glory.

We were sensibly touch'd at the Account this charming *Indian* gave us of her Delivery. *Almo-raddin* made an offer of his Service to shelter her at his Father's House, well knowing she was no longer safe at *Kitour*. She return'd him many  
Thanks,

Thanks, telling us, she had an Uncle at *Amadabat*, who was a *Mussulman*, nam'd *Ali-Bajou*, that would protect her from all future Danger. It were sufficient, said I to her, to be a *Mussulman*, to do so good an Action. Then we beheld, as designedly, the other fair Maid, who with a smiling Countenance, said to us: Generous Defenders of my Life and Liberty, the beginning of my Misfortunes was not so tragick as that which you have heard this Lady say she underwent.

*The Adventure of the INDIAN VIRGIN  
carried away by the FAKIRS.*

I Come from a large Market Town that lies on the high Road, about a Mile and a half from *Amanabat*. We shall pass thro' it, so must beg you'll please to leave me to the Care of my Relations, who live there. About four Days ago the Feast of the God *Ram*<sup>a</sup>, and the Monkey *Innuman*<sup>b</sup>, was celebrated there. This Day is always solemniz'd with great rejoicing, in Memory of the Victory they obtain'd over the Giant *Ravanem*, and the Deliverance of *Sidi*, Wife of *Ram*, whom the said Giant had detain'd in his Island of *Serandib*<sup>c</sup>. There was a great Concourse of Strangers in the Streets, who either resorted there out of Devotion, or a Desire of partaking of the Diversions which that Place affords on such

<sup>a</sup> *Ram, is the God Vichnou made Man.*

<sup>b</sup> *The King of Monkeys. 'Twas he that first found out the Ravisher of Sidi, and supply'd Ram with an Army of five hundred Millions of Monkeys.*

<sup>c</sup> *It is the Island of Ceilan that Ravanem was King of.*

Occasions. The Inhabitants were mingled among the rest, who amus'd themselves in beholding a thousand different Spectacles. Upon the Market-Place there were Comedians, who diverted the Publick by little Scenes of Buffoonry; Posture-Masters, whose Dexterity was astonishing; Dancers, who were admir'd for their Agility; and Musicians, who sung the grand Chorus. The *Fakirs*, whom you so deservedly punish'd, drew likewise about them a great Number of Spectators, by representing, in a very moving Manner, on their Waggon, which was drawn along, the carrying away of *Cariavarti*, Daughter of *Bruma*. The youngest among them, dress'd in Women's Cloaths, acted the Part of the Goddess. At her first Appearance, she sat on the Front of the Waggon, in a very negligent Posture, amusing her self in making a Nosegay of various Flowers, and singing harmoniously at the same Time. Whilst she was thus imploy'd, the God *Bruma*, plac'd at the hind Part of the Waggon, express'd, in Presence of his *Andis*<sup>d</sup>, the Violence of his Passion for his Daughter; and they advis'd him to metamorphose himself into a Stag, to surprize her, and to ravish her, since she refus'd to extinguish the Conflagration she had rais'd in his Soul. *Bruma*, receiving their Advice, plac'd a huge Pair of Buck's Horns on his Forehead, and, with the Assistance of his Favourites, seiz'd on *Cariavarti*, carried her away, and conceal'd her under a large Silk Coverlid, that represented a Forest<sup>e</sup>. Then the Waggon mov'd. The Goddess was very strangely agita-

<sup>d</sup> The *Andis*, of an Indian Divinity, are those who perform great Penances in his Honour.

<sup>e</sup> The God *Bruma* ravish'd his own Daughter in a Forest, transform'd into a Stag.



ted, and fill'd the Air with Cries. She was heard, by Intervals, say these lamentable Words: Alas! They are carrying me away! Where are my Relations? Oh *Vichnou*! Oh *Rutren*! Will the Traitors live long without Punishment? *Bruma* and his *Andis* readily mimick'd, in a very comical Manner, all her Gestures; and repeating her Words with different Accents, they form'd an Harmony that made the whole Audience laugh.

Unhappily for me, I was so much pleas'd with this Spectacle, and follow'd the Waggon so considerable a Time, that the God *Bruma* took particular Notice of me. Towards Evening, after the last Representation, he pull'd off his Mask and Horns, bad the Spectators give Attention, and said: Adorers of *Ram*, we esteem our selves very happy, in having afforded you any Diversion by this our Performance. But do ye think you are acquainted with all we can do? No, no, you suppose we take time in studying our Tones and Gestures; and it is therefore necessary for us to undeceive you, by renewing some other agreeable Scene. Whilst he was speaking these Words, he gave a Signal to his Companions, who very probably were accusom'd to such like Crimes. The *Fakirs* jump'd down upon the Ground, seiz'd me, threw me upon their Waggon, and wrapp'd me in *Cariavarti's* Coverlid, all which was done in the twinkling of an Eye. I began to struggle, to squawl out, and to call Men and Dogs to my Succour; but these Mirrors of Impudence mimick'd exactly what they saw me do, and drown'd my Complaints in their ridiculous Sounds. This deceitful Musick answer'd the End the pretended *Bruma* propos'd to himself; all the Assembly was diverted, and the Waggon began to move. Those who knew me, imagin'd, after one Turn round  
the

the Market Place, I should be set down again in the Place from whence they took me, but the *Fakirs* had no such Design. They redoubled their Movements, till by Degrees they had convey'd me out of Town; which was no sooner done, but they drove the Horses in such a Manner, that the Waggon seem'd to fly. They got into a Wood about Midnight, where they would not have stopp'd, but to feed themselves and their Cattle. Till that Moment, the Fear and Confusion they were in, had hinder'd them from making me any Overtures; but then, their Chief began to declare himself openly my Lover, to tire me with his Importunities, and to urge his insolent Solicitations with more Fervency. I summon'd all the Presence of Mind I was Mistress of to repel them; but, alas! what Impression can the most skilful Argument make on a lustful Man, whom I was resolv'd not to condescend to? The most cruel Menaces had been already utter'd, when this agreeable Widow became my Companion in Distress; and Threatnings would have produc'd far more direful Effects, had not you, Gentlemen, render'd them void, by seasonably coming to our Succour.

The subtle Villainy of the *Fakirs*, in this second Adventure, appear'd so horrible in our Eyes, that we could not help loading them with a thousand Imprecations, tho' they were Dead. Had it been in our Power, we should have brought them to Life again, on Purpose to sacrifice it with more Torture and Satisfaction a second Time. We deliver'd the *Indian* Virgin up to her Parents, who embrac'd her with inexpressible Transports of Joy, and we no sooner reach'd *Amadabat*, but I conducted the fair Widow to her Uncle *Ali-Bajou*,

*Bajou*, who afterwards instructed her, and put her in the Paths of the Prophet.

*Cambaye* is a City too well known to need a particular Description of it; but as it was there, I began seriously to discharge my self of the Commission *Chab-Jehan* had honour'd me with, it will be proper, in as few Words as possible, to give an Account here of the Method I took to procure all my Researches. The Moment I alighted in any Place, my first Care was to inform my self, if there liv'd there or thereabouts, any very aged Persons, famous learn'd Men, or celebrated Travellers; and if I found any, I spar'd nothing to make them talk with all the Frankness imaginable.

When an old Man told me his Health was puny and wavering, I ask'd what had reduc'd him to that imperfect State of Health; and when, on the contrary, he said it was no ways impair'd, but sound and vigorous, I begg'd him to tell me what Secret he made use of to preserve his Strength. The major Part of them possess'd no such Secret: Some answer'd, I eat but one Meal a Day; or, I never take Physick; or, I avoid what Fatigues the Body too much; or, I accustom my self to very little Sleep. Others again, made quite opposite Answers: I eat four Meals a Day; I take a Purge every Month; I love Exercise; and I sleep very much. The old Man of *Calicut*, assur'd me, his long Life was owing to the Care he always took in keeping his Head and Feet dry; and he of *Barrostan*, attributed his to the natural Aver-sion he ever bore to raw Fruit and fat Victuals. Others alledg'd the Cause of their Health to proceed from avoiding Passion and Sadness; but never a one of them made the least mention of the Island of *Borico*, or the Water that restores past Youth.

The

The learned Men behav'd with a vast Deal more Reserve; but however, Money for the most Part reconcil'd me to those, whom Praises had not Effect enough on. I propos'd to them various Questions on the Evacuations that happen to human Bodies, and on the Means to repair them. They made very fine Discourses on that Head. They prov'd that the Preservation of Bodies was nothing else but a perpetual Re-establishment. They computed the Age of certain Trees<sup>f</sup> and Animals<sup>g</sup>, suppos'd to live long, because they die without being taken notice of. They added to the List of these Animals, a much larger of Men and Women, whom they aver'd to have liv'd many Ages. The Accounts they gave me were well attested, and they were ignorant of nothing relating to these very aged People, but the Means that had preserv'd them so long in the World. The Reasons alledg'd on that Score tended to Infinity. At last, being urg'd to come to a Conclusion, they all avow'd their Ignorance, except the *Alchimists*, who could not be brought to agree that any was yet in Possession of what they term, with Emphasy, *The Sweet Enemy of Ugliness, of Poverty and of Death*; but were continually hoping how to discover it. I don't rank the Lovers of supernatural Sciences among the Number of the learned Men by Profession, because they are of a superior Order.

I have always grounded my chief Hopes on them and Travellers. Was not the old Man of *Bengal* a Traveller? and was not the Son of *Gigim* instructed also by Travellers? Whether I hap-

<sup>f</sup> *An Oak Tree is a hundred Year before it comes to its full Growth, it flourishes as many more, and decays the same.*

<sup>g</sup> *A Raven, a Crow, a Stag, &c.*



pen'd to sojourn, or to be on the Road, I question'd those who had seen the World, without any other View but Curiosity, concerning what surprizing Things they had seen and heard of during their Travels. They did not require much Entreaty; for I always observ'd, they were as fond of recounting their Adventures, as I was of hearing them. They were so much the Reverse of the learned Men, that they would even have pay'd me for listening to, or rather admiring them; for, in the main, it's Admiration they want. I propos'd my self two Views by exacting these Narrations: I was in hopes either naturally to hear some News of the Motive of my Voyage, or else to come by the Knowledge of some *Sage*, in unity with the *Genii*. Such was my Conduct where ever I pass'd, so shall dispence my self, at present, from pursuing the Thread of my History.

*Almoraddin's* Vessel being all in Readiness, we put out to Sea. Our Passage was both longer and more dangerous than the Season of the Year seem'd to promise. We were several Times oblig'd by bad Weather, to put in along the Coast of the main Land, and even to stay near a Month at *Calicut*, whilst our Ship was repair'd of the Damage she met with at Sea. There happen'd to be in the Town, at that Time, a *Persian* Lady, the Relict of a Merchant of the same Nation. This Lady's Name was *Rouschen*<sup>h</sup>, who had a Daughter between eight and nine Years of Age, of a lively Wit, call'd *Loulou*<sup>i</sup>. Her House was very much resorted to on Account of the many curious and surprizing Things which were talk'd of there. What most excited my Curiosity, was the Voyage, she said, she had made to the *Topsy-Turvy* Island, where

<sup>h</sup> *Shining.*

<sup>i</sup> *Pearl.*

she had been an Eye Witness of such Wonders, as no Mortal ever saw before her self. But when we arriv'd at *Calicut*, she had for some Time left off relating any thing about her Voyage thither, because she perceiv'd they had not Faith enough to believe it, and that the most Part of the Strangers, who frequented her House, look'd upon what she said concerning the *Perisk*, and *Divs*<sup>1</sup>, as meer Fiction. The Adorers of *Ifsa*<sup>m</sup> regarded her Notions as the Effect of Madness, and the rest did not know what to make of her.

I should have been sorry to have miss'd so favourable an Opportunity of becoming acquainted with so extraordinary a Person as she was; since the Name *Topsy-Turvy* Island gave me such a lively Idea of that I was in search of. We paid her several Visits, which she receiv'd with so much Civility, as left us no Room to believe our Company was disagreeable. She reason'd with such a Fluency of good Sense, upon all Sorts of Subjects, that my prejudice against all the Women of her Country began to dissipate. The young *Loulou* promoted likewise Conversation according to her Capacity. When we made our first Visit, I began to run in Praise of her fine Eyes and Eyebrows; upon which, *Rouschen* interrupted and said: *Daughter! make appear your Wit deserves far greater Encomiums.* I shall, answer'd *Loulou*, by telling these Strangers the Story of the three great Fishes.

\* These are good Genii.  
 m Jesus Christ.

<sup>1</sup> The Name of the bad Genii.

*The first Story of LOULOU.*

YOU must know there was formerly a Pond in the Kingdom of *Staphilin*, which extends it self along the Coast of the *Grey Sea*, that was renown'd for producing very fine Fish. These Fishes were reserv'd for the King's Use only, and whosoever of his Subjects should presume to meddle with them, incurr'd his high Displeasure. He even forbid any should be caught for himself, during a considerable Time, which augmented the Growth of three of these Fishes to so preposterous a Size, that they lorded it over the whole Pond. As Fishes have their different Inclinations, as well as Men: So the first of them was very *courageous*, the second very *cunning*, and the third very *slothful*. These Tyrants became, at last, so nice in their eating, that they turn'd up their Noses at their usual Food, and in short, nothing would go down with them but their Fellow Fishes, which depopled the Pond in a very short Time.

As all vile Actions come to light one time or another, their rapacious Gluttony came at last to the King's Ears, who resolv'd to have them caught and to eat them. He sent therefore his Fishermen one Night to the Pond, ordering them to have their Nets in Readiness for the next Day. They repair'd thither accordingly; and as they were talking about their Commission, a Frog, not far from them, over-heard all they said, and went immediately to carry the fatal News to the three Fishes, who were at Supper together that Night. They made a Jest of what the poor Frog kindly forewarn'd them, and only thought of engaging his Company at Table, where they sat till Mid-night,

night, and then fell asleep. As soon as the Sun was risen, the King went in Person, and order'd the Fishermen to environ the Pond with their Nets. The watchful Frog hearing what was in Agitation, thunder'd out his croaking, in order to awake the three Fishes, who were still asleep. The *courageous* and *cunning* ones awoke: The first made the best of his Way to the Mouth of a Brook that ran into the Pond, where he broke through the Net, and sav'd himself. The second counterfeited himself dead, and floated on the Surface of the Water, as though he had been poison'd. The Frog call'd the *lazy one* several times, but in vain; there was no such thing as stirring him, though the Sly-boots heard well enough all the while. He indulg'd himself so long, till at last the Fishermens Nets made their Approaches. They took up the *cunning one* that was floating, into their Hands, but smelling the pestiferous Matter he had rubb'd his Head with, they threw him into the Pond again as a rotten Fish. As for the *slothful one*, he had scarce open'd his Eyes when he was caught and carried away. Nay, I have heard it averr'd for Truth, that he even yawn'd several Times before the King, and ask'd, with his Eyes clos'd, what a Clock it was? This Prince perceiving he was fat and in extraordinary good Case, order'd the Officers of his Kitchen to open him, to cut him into Slices, and to dress him into several Sauces for his Breakfast. It is so true, added the little Story-teller, that a lazy Criminal never escapes the Punishment due to him.

We very much applauded the Subject and Manner, which the agreeable *Loulou* told it with. She related to us after that, several other such like Stories, which were learnt her, as we afterwards found out, by a *Portuguese* Slave, who had the



the Care of her Education. But to return to the Mother. Our Friendship with her becoming now more familiar, we entreated her to pleasure us with a Description of her Voyage. She readily comply'd with our Requests, on Condition, each of us, in return, would likewise relate an Adventure as true and surprising as her's was, and that one of us two would begin first. Not to fail answering your Expectations, said I to her, as to the Wonders, would be only to repeat your own Words; and for the rest, we hope you'll be satisfy'd, charming *Rouschen*, with our perfect Submission to your better Judgment.

*Almoraddin* chose to begin. The truest and most surprising History obvious to my Knowledge, said he, is that of the King without a Nose. I was told it by *Scheikh-Alsem*, whom God be merciful to.

### *The History of the King without a Nose.*

A Magician, that took upon him the Name of the Sage *Becolban*, went one Day to the Court of *Fion*, King of *Gor*<sup>a</sup>, where he met with so affable a Reception, that he resolv'd to remain there some time. Notwithstanding the kind Treatment was shewn him, he could not forbear exercising his *Ill-Genius*; he fill'd the whole Kingdom with an unheard-of Multitude of venomous Crea-

<sup>a</sup> *Gor*, an ancient Kingdom, situated near Mount Caucasus; which bounds it North and East: It is now a Province in the Kingdom belonging to the Great Mogul.

tures, and threw a vast Number of Persons, of all Conditions, into incurable Diseases, by his diabolical Enchantments. Upon his Arrival, he publickly foretold, couch'd in obscure Terms; that the Kingdom was just upon the Brink of Destruction. King *Fion*, perceiving the Prophecy, he before ridicul'd, in a Disposition to be accomplish'd, thought no body more proper to redress the present Calamities, than he, who alone had the Foreknowledge of them. He intimated to him therefore his Reflections on that Exigence, and fervently desir'd he would not refuse affording his Assistance in it. *Becolban*, transported to see the King caught in the Snare he had laid for him, said: Prince! I have already been studying some time to dispel what disturbs thee; for I know thy Inquietudes. Tho' I were not as naturally inclin'd to Generosity as I am, yet the civil Usage thou hast shewn me, would so much affect my Gratitude, as to make me undertake any thing with Pleasure that discover'd the least View of serving thee. 'Till now, some unlucky Constellation has oppos'd the good Disposition I feel on this Occasion; but as soon as ever the dire Cause ceases to obstruct its Influence, I'll signify to thee what Course must be taken. *Fion* was extremely satisfy'd with this Answer, which very much augmented the Veneration he possess'd in Favour of the pretended Sage.

It is the Custom for the Sovereign of that Country to sleep every Day two Hours after Dinner; encompass'd by his Nobles, who follow his Example. To make court to Sultans, in other Parts of the World, consists in accosting them in a handsome Manner, in saying something that's agreeable and witty to them, and in striving to become serviceable to them; but there it consists

in

in sleeping with them, which is done with great Ceremony. The Monarch and his Courtiers are very magnificently drest to pass those two Hours, extended at their Ease, on Sofa's very rich and commodious. About eight Days after the Interview I have mention'd, *Fion* fell into a Dream, when asleep in the midst of his Courtiers. He thought he saw erected in the great Square of *Gor*, a large Column of black Marble, with a Statue upon it resembling *Becolban*, which held a little Scroll of Paper in each Hand: In one was wrote, *Heaven destroys*; and in the other, *I cure*. He thought likewise that a vast Multitude of sick Men and Women went and touch'd the Column, and were perfectly restor'd by it; that the languishing Flocks of Sheep, under the Care of their Shepherds, approach'd it, and were also re-establish'd; and lastly, that Millions of Serpents and Dragons came in their Turn, to the Feet of the Column, and were all destroy'd by it. When *Fion* awoke, he told his Dream to those present, who advis'd him to send for the Sage to give the Interpretation of it. Those deputed to go for him, knock'd a long while at his Door without any body answering. At last, as they began to be impatient, *Becolban* look'd out of his Window, and said to them in a great Passion; that he knew well enough what they came for; that they might go back again; for the Dream was expressive enough of it self. This wicked Man did not say an untruth, in assuring them he knew the Reason of their coming, for he was the Author of the Dream.

The Answer being brought back to the Prince, he call'd a Council, which was of Opinion, that the Statue of *Becolban* should immediately be erected, after the Model of that which had appear'd to *Fion*, as also, that divine Honours

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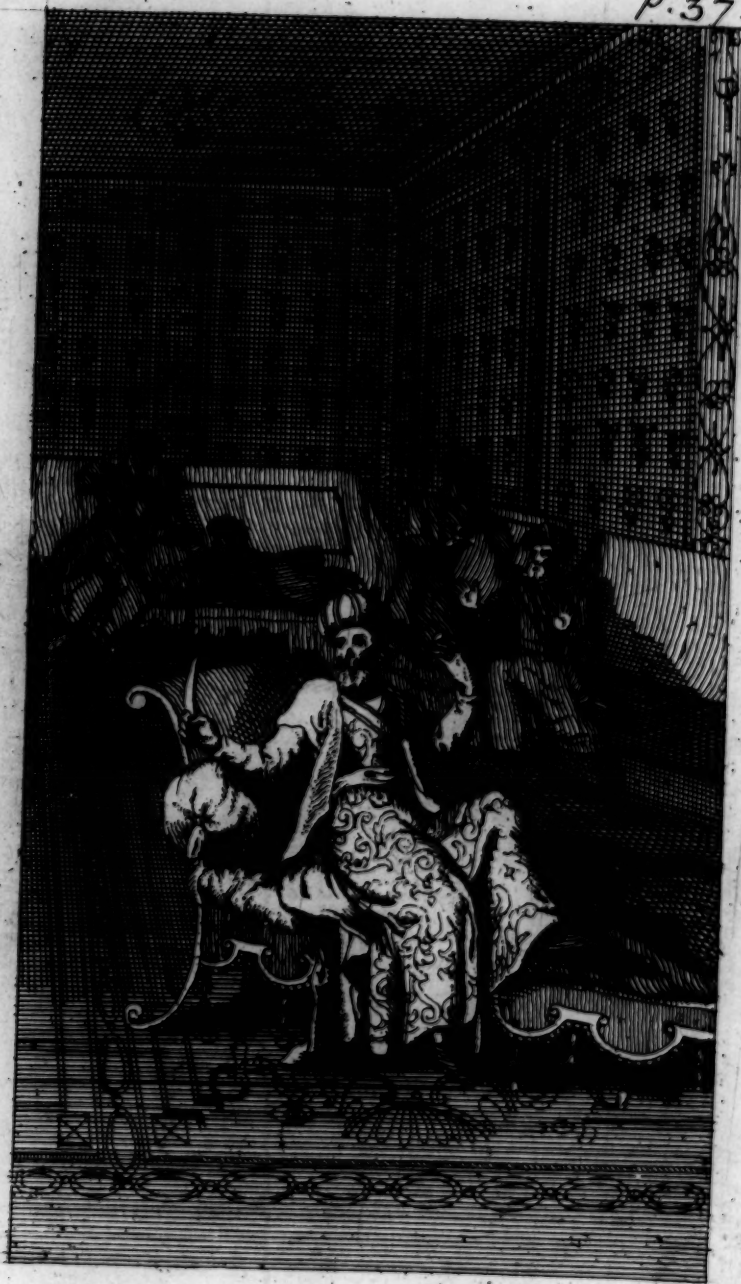
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should be pay'd to the Prophet. The Queen was the only Person that oppos'd this Deliberation, but her Sentiments were rejected. The rest of the Dream was accomplish'd as soon as the Edict was executed: Men and Cattle recover'd, and the venomous Beasts that infested the Kingdom, were all destroy'd. The detestable *Becolban*, who was proud of the Success of his Practices, no longer appear'd in Publick. He was proclaim'd God of *Gor*, every where Hymns were sung in his Honour, and in as many Places Vows were made him.

But his Glory was likely to be very short liv'd: He knew the Ills he had done were more real than their cure, and that those who imagin'd themselves restor'd to a perfect State of Health, would soon relapse into a much more deplorable Situation than before. This very Consideration compell'd him, much against his Inclination, to think of quitting the Place in an abrupt Manner. But however, the Day of his Departure being come, he was willing to take leave of *Fion*. This Prince, sleeping as usual in Publick, thought *Becolban* appear'd again to him, and said: King of *Gor*! Thou hast caus'd my Statue to be erected, thy People have honour'd me, I am highly satisfy'd with my Treatment, and must find out some way or other to recompense thee for it. I don't think it a sufficient Retaliation to have preserv'd thy Subjects and their Flocks from perishing, it is very just that thou also shouldst partake of my Vigilance and Liberality. Thy Kingdom is powerful in Men, and fertile in Product, but still it is destitute of Gold and Silver. Follow me therefore, and I'll lead thee to a Treasure that the Gods have reveal'd unto me. *Fion* thought he saw this pretended Sage making ready to depart in the Quality of his Guide,



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Guide, that he follow'd him; and that, after having past Mountains, Rivers and Woods, they came, at last into a spacious Field, cover'd with Pomgranate-Trees. When they were got to about the middle of it, *Becolban* pointed to one of them with his Finger, saying, under that Tree the Treasure was actually hid. How shall I know it again, answer'd *Fion*; for this Field is large, and all the rest of the Pomgranate-Trees resemble that you have shewn me? Cut off a Branch like this, reply'd *Becolban*, bending him one, and that will serve you as a Mark. *Fion* took hold of the Branch, drew out his Knife, and cut it off; upon which, the Magician burst into a Fit of Laughter, and disappear'd.

King *Gor* was seiz'd that very Moment with the most piercing Pain! and the very Hall, set apart for sleeping in, echo'd with the terrible Groan he gave, when he awoke from his Dream. All his Courtiers open'd their Eyes at this grievous Complaint, and were much astonish'd to see their Master cover'd with Blood, holding in one Hand his Knife, and in the other his Nose, that he had just cut off. Perfidious Villain, cry'd he, dost thou laugh at my Misfortune, and think'st thou shalt escape the Punishment due to thy Crime? No, no—— Quick, Fly to the Place where *Becolban* lives, secure the Traitor, and bring him instantly before me. His Nobles and Officers ran immediately to the Magicians House, but he was gone. They dispatch'd a Hundred young Men, well mounted, with Orders to stop the Criminal wherever he pass'd, but as ineffectual. The King finding *Becolban* had escap'd his Rage, both his Pains and Anger augmented. He related his unhappy Adventure to his Courtiers, and then order'd the Queen to be call'd, who was the only

ly Person that had conceiv'd a bad Opinion of the Magician. But alas! she was neither to be found in her Apartment, nor throughout all the Palace, which produc'd fresh Matter of Despair to the unfortunate Prince, who suspected her Guilty of the worst of Treachery. He was ready to run distracted; and his Attendants were oblig'd to keep him in their Sight, the rest of the Day and the following Night, lest the Excess of his Transports should prompt him to make away with himself. The next Day, he order'd *Becolban's* Statue to be pulled down, drawn about the Streets, and burnt to Ashes. He likewise commanded the whole Street, where this inhuman Wretch liv'd, to be demolish'd, and would be at the Execution of it in Person.

The Magician's House was the first they began to demolish, but before they proceeded to the rest, they heard a great Noise in the Air, and saw a great black Cloud descend from thence, and settle it self upon the Ruins, where it open'd and discover'd the most beautiful Creature that ever was beheld. She address'd her self to the King, saying; behold my Features and remember them! though thou hast seen them far less handsome. The Moment she had spoken these Words, both the King and People knew her to be the Queen of *Gor*, which struck them into such a Confusion, as hinder'd them from testifying their Admiration any other way, but a profound Silence. I had condescended, continu'd she, to become a Woman of this World to make thee happy, but thou hast render'd thy self unworthy the Embraces of a *Perise*. Thou wast not satisfy'd with contemning my Counsels, but thou must farther hearken to infamous Suspicions. Now thou shalt judge if they were well ground'd: I have taken Revenge,

in



in thy Cause, of an *Impostor*, and to revenge my self of an *ungrateful* Person, I have condemn'd thee never to see my Face more. At these Words she disappear'd, the Cloud dispers'd, and then they saw, with greater Astonishment, the Magician confin'd and burning in a Cage of red hot Iron. Thus King *Fion* pass'd the rest of his Days in Sorrow and Affliction, without a Nose, and without a Wife ; and the Magician's Punishment lasted as long as this unhappy Prince liv'd. *Scheikh-Alsem* added, that to this Day, might be seen at *Gor*, the very Place and Ruins where *Becolban's* House stood.

This Adventure, said *Rouschen*, deserves to be written in golden Letters. How well can I distinguish the opposite Characters of the *Peris* and *Divs* in it ! But, *Almoraddin*, did not your Author give a Description of the Queen of *Gor*, after her Victory over the *Divs*, that were subject to *Becolban* ? No Madam, reply'd he. I am sorry for it, resum'd *Rouschen* ; for certainly I must have seen this admirable *Perise*, and I think I know her. You believe you know her, Madam, interrupted we, you ought to know her ! The History, reply'd she, I am going to tell you of, will perhaps solve the Doubts I perceive you are in.

*The History of the PERSIAN LADY,  
with her Voyage to the Topsy-Turvy  
Island.*

THEY say true Friendship is rarely to be found among Brothers, and for my Part, I believe it less frequent among Sisters: I never had

but one, and there was no Possibility of agreeing with her. The poor Year she was older than I, made her usurp an Air of Superiorty over me, that was insupportable. She was continually in an ill Humour, but it never appear'd in so strong a Light, as the Night before her Nuptials. Tir'd with bearing her repeated Insults, I was provok'd, at last, to speak in my Turn; which I did, in the most picquant Manner I was Mistress of: *Koutai*, said I to her, if Reproaches could make me grow lean, thou wouldst certainly overwhelm me with them still. Am I the Cause, if Fate has not thought proper to form me after thy Resemblance? The Rage that these Words rais'd in her Soul can't well be imagin'd, much less express'd. She flew at me to tear my Eyes out; but I left her in that Feud, and sought shelter in a Garret, that laid over her Chamber. She made such a terrible Noise, that alarm'd the whole House. Father, Mother, Slaves, and every body ran to her Room to see what the Uproar was; and found her Pale, full of Tears, and reduc'd to the last Degree of Despair. She related the Quarrel to her own Advantage, and protested, if she had not Satisfaction for the dreadful Insult I had given her, she would take such Measures as would not be very pleasing to them. My Father and Mother immediately promis'd to satisfy her in every thing she could wish, and ask'd her, what Punishment she thought I had deserv'd? I shall be at Ease, said she, and *Rouschen* will be sufficiently punish'd, if she be deny'd going to my Wedding. I saw and heard every thing was said, thro' a little Crevice in the Chamber-Floor. Every body prais'd her Moderation, and an old Slave, who never lov'd me, readily signaliz'd her Zeal, by hastening to lock me up in the Garret.

Finding

Finding myself thus close Prisoner, I did nothing but sob and cry. *Koutai*, said I, foresaw well enough my Revenge would be too much gratify'd if I made my Appearance at the Hymen, Her Apprehensions of it are now over, and her Want of Beauty, in my Absence, will be less conspicuous. What Joy to her! and how much Vexation to me! I pass'd the rest of the Day, and a part of the Night in such like Reflections, and then fell asleep. During my Slumber, I had a very extraordinary Dream. Methought I saw before me an immense Space of Land and Sea, that discovered, at a Distance, a very high blue Island, from the Top of which arose two large Clouds, wash'd with Silver, that advanced towards me, attended with an Infinity of others. All these Clouds dispersed themselves into two Lines, and form'd between the Island and me, the longest and most glittering Alley can be imagined. Another Cloud, that seem'd to be of burnished Gold, fill'd up the Extremity of the Alley towards the Island; and a little Girl, much like *Loulou*, being placed upon it, this Cloud, on a sudden, took the Shape of a Throne, and mov'd of itself.

As it advanced, the silvery Clouds transform'd themselves, on each Side, into Guards richly dress'd, who, with Sword in Hand, saluted the little Girl with all the Marks of a profound Respect. But how great was my Surprise, when this extraordinary Person, who, coming out of the Island, seem'd but as a Child, had not got half the Way, before I perceived she had the Face and Air of a Woman of 40 or 50 Years old. The nearer she approached, the more she appear'd advanced in Age, and when she was nigh at Hand, she discover'd herself to be but a little, wrinkled, stooping, grey-hair'd Creature: She look'd on me with an Eye  
of

of Friendship, and said to me, in a trembling Voice; My well-beloved *Rouschen*, I know thy Sorrows; hope every thing from the Assistance I am able to afford thee: See thou rememberest the Words I am about to impart to thee, and fail not to repeat them in case of Extremity: *Wife Lutfallah! Lady of the green Palace! Wife Lutfallah! Wife of Millan-schak! What's the Sword of Gian doing? Where is his Buckler?* She had no sooner finish'd these Words, than she disappear'd with all her Attendance.

I can't say whether I immediately awoke or not, but the strong Idea of my Imprisonment returning, I said, sighing, Oh that what the powerful *Lutfallah* has just now told me, may prove true! *Wife Lutfallah! Lady of the green Palace! Wife Lutfallah! Wife of Millan-Schak! What's the Sword of Gian doing? Where is his Buckler?* At that Instant, I found myself undress'd, and lying in a very fine Bed; I rubb'd my Eyes with my Hands, I felt about me, I examin'd myself, and was assured I slept not. I then drew open the Curtains, and saw, with an extream Surprise, my Garret chang'd to a very spacious Chamber, adorn'd with the richest Tapestry, with a Looking-glass infinitely larger than I had ever seen any, and with two Pots of Massy Gold; whence issued a most exquisite Perfume. In the Middle of the Chamber stood a Toilet ready prepared, and near it a Table, on which lay a rich Suit of Cloaths. I was about to rise directly, but happening to cast my Eyes on the great Looking-glass, I perceived what my Sister and all about her were doing, naturally represented in it; so I chose to remain still in Bed, as well to amuse myself in beholding so agreeable a Spectacle, as to repair the Fatigues of the Night. It is not so proper to relate all I saw there; let it suffice



suffice then to say, that this miraculous Mirrour discover'd to me all that pass'd at the Feast, from which my Sister excluded me. Her Husband's Aspect did not a little contribute to my Satisfaction; for he was tall and meagre Faced, of a fierce Look, and who, even, that Day, had more the Air of a Tyrant than a Husband.

At last I arose, designing to make use of the Presents *Lutfallab* had made me, when a handsome Pair of Slippers came of their own accord, and offer'd themselves at my Feet. The first Step I took towards the Table, all the Cloaths, that lay prepared for me there, advanced and did their Office; and I felt at the same time some Body spare me the Labour both of combing and dressing my Head. I bore notwithstanding everything done to me with Patience, and resign'd myself entirely up to the Care of the Queen of the *Peris*, thinking of nothing else but returning her my hearty Thanks for all that happen'd to me; and viewing myself in my Toilet-looking-Glass, (the other only representing absent Objects.) Though every thing they deck'd me with, made an extraordinary Appearance, yet it was seldom Gold, Silver or Jewels contributed towards it. Nothing gave so singular a Mark here of *Lutfallab's* great Power, as the Colour of my Robe, which changed each Step I took. I walked about a considerable time, to admire this agreeable Prodigy at Leisure. During this Interval, the necessary Ceremonies were preparing at the *Iman's* and *Cadi's* House. After their Return, the two Halls, design'd to celebrate the Feasts in, began to fill with Guests. I did not much amuse myself in observing the Men; my Sister and her Friends engross'd all my Attention. *Koutai* seem'd to be very hungry, but the more eager she was to eat, the less Haste she

she could make to do it. All the Dishes she touch'd disappear'd, and were set on a gilt Skin, that some unknown Hand had spread in my Chamber. It is impossible to express the prodigious Consternation this famish'd Bride and her Company were in. As I was as hungry again as she was, I left nothing scarce of the first Dishes set before me. As soon as ever I had done with them, they disappear'd; I cast an Eye in the Looking-glass, and saw the Remains I had left before *Koutai*, who was devouring them. This convinc'd me, that she, who had thought me unworthy of presiding at her Feast, was now condemned not to be satiated, but with my Refusals. I commiserated at last the Condition she was in, and acted like a good Sister during the rest of the Entertainment.

Towards Evening they went into the Baths, whilst excellent Voices sung, according to Custom, gay *Aganis*<sup>a</sup>. When that Ceremony was over, they disposed themselves for dancing. As I had always a strong Inclination for that Diversion, so my not partaking of the Pleasure of it, as well as the rest, began to chagrin me. I can't sit still any longer, cry'd I: *Wife Lutfallah! Lady of the green Palace! Wife Lutfallah! Wife of Milan-schak! What's the Sword of Gian doing? Where is his Buckler?* I must dance. So you shall, Child, answer'd one behind me. I look'd round and saw the ancient and powerful *Perise*. It's very much my Desire, continued she, you should appear in such good Company; I did not order you to be dress'd lightly, but with a View of making you assume a better Air in dancing. A *Perise* would fain have cover'd you all over with Jewels, resembling *Moctader* the

<sup>a</sup> Songs, Persian Airs.

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*Tabarois*, but I never expose those I love, to get Pleurifies after such a Manner. Come along, Child, follow me.

Methought the Looking-glass, which that Moment represented the Hall, was now become the Door. We went in, and *Lutfallab*, who was only visible to me, placed herself nigh my Sister. I saluted the Company, and fell a dancing all alone. The Justness of my Dance, and still more, the continual Variety of my Clothes, astonish'd the whole Assembly. What they admired before was now become applauded: Acclamations of Joy and Praises were heard every where. *Koutai* was not able to brook my Glory any longer. Fury took Possession of her, and without any Regard to the Company present, she flew towards me, with her Fists in the Air like a Mad-woman. But the invisible *Lutfallab* prevented her approaching me, by touching her Chin with the End of a Rod made of Ebony, saying, *Fair Bride, meddle with no Body but yourself*. That Instant, the most compleat black Beard ever was seen, adorn'd the half of *Koutai's* Face, which gave her other Employment than to think on me. After this Accident, *Lutfallab* convey'd me out, order'd me to enfold her, and then carry'd me away, with an unconceivable Swiftness, in a direct Line, towards the Sun.

After we had continu'd ascending for a very considerable time; You may now, said she, repose yourself: There is not thick Air enough over our Heads, to make you fall. I must confess it was with an aking Heart I quitted my Hold of *Lutfallab*; but what Pleasure did I not feel, when I found, without any Difficulty, I could both ascend and descend; go backwards and forwards, as though my Body were become immaterial! I cast my Eyes upon the Earth, which, at so vast a Distance,

Distance, neither appear'd very obscure, nor yet very bright. If my Conductress had given Leave, I should have imploy'd myself in making some curious Observations, as the Place was so commodious for taking them; but she opposed it, saying, The Moon will presently make her Course over the Place we are in, and produce such Quantity of Air, that whilst the Sea is receiving its Flow, you may probably be stifled: Besides, I promised to be at home betimes; embrace me, therefore, and let us begone. The Part we descended from the Earth gave a tolerable Reflection, because it presented nothing to our View but the vast Plains of the Ocean: The more our Descent approach'd it, the more it seem'd to encrease in Bigness and Darknes; but when we came within Observation of the different Parts of it, I perceiv'd directly under us, in the Midst of the Waters, a very spacious Island, which I knew to be the same blue Island I had seen in a Dream, and which is called by the *Peris*, the *Topsy-Turvy* Island. It appear'd blue to me before, because of the Distance I was from it, but when my Approach was nigher, a thousand various Colours crowded upon my Sight. However, I did not fix my Eyes much on these new Objects, because my Attention was already taken up with something much more surprising.

*Lutfallah*, whom I held embrac'd, had transform'd herself during our Descent. Her grey Hairs were now become of a light Chest-nut Colour; and the more we advanced towards the Island, the smother and more beautiful her Complexion grew. Her Shape visibly form'd itself, her Neck was admirably long, her Arms round and taper, and her Hands plump and of a delicate Whiteness. How charming she was, when we had pass'd

pass'd two thirds of the Way! She still continu'd to grow younger, the nearer we approach'd the Earth: The Colour of her Hair became gradually lighter, till it was perfectly white; her whole Body deminish'd, without losing any thing of its Beauty or Proportion; and when we were about one fourth of a League from the Mountains of the *Topsy-Turvy* Island, I held no more than a Child of ten Years old in my Arms; somewhat graver indeed, though nothing more charming and agreeable.

We landed in the Middle of the Island, about a hundred Yards from a River, that served instead of a Moat to a pretty large Town. Seeing neither Draw-bridges nor Boats, I ask'd the Queen if we were to cross it in the Air, and whether I was to dispose myself as usual? They pass this River differently from what you imagine, answer'd she, throwing her Rod into it. At that Instant, the Waters overagainst the Place where we stood, swell'd, forsook their Bottom, and form'd a transparent *Portico*, above Two hundred Yards high. This astonishing Elevation of the Waters did not however prevent their continual Running; and the Fishes they were full of, made by their Salles the most agreeable Ornament of the *Portico*. How did they sport out of their Element! How often did they dart themselves, sometimes up to the Top, sometimes down to the Bottom, and sometimes from the Sides of the Arch! Their Motions were alternate: One was no sooner lost to our View, than another appear'd the next Moment. The Flood, after quitting its Course, discover'd a magnificent *Porphir* Stair-Case, above an hundred Steps down to the Bottom, which was illuminated by Lights from the Walls, and the great Gate that stood at the Foot of it. As we

were going down, *Lutfallah* inform'd me that the Illumination we saw was no more than a natural Cause, proceeding from a Vernish, the young *Peris* compose of the Skins of certain Fishes and Tails of Glow-worms, infused three Weeks in the Effence of rotten Wood, extracted without the Assistance of Fire. When we came to the Gate, we heard a horrid Croaking; and when both Sides of it were open, we saw an overgrown Frog, as big as a Goat, who moved on her two hind Legs, in order to receive the Queen, and deliver her up the same Rod I had seen her throw into the River. After she had taken it, and we had walk'd some Turns in a vast large Hall very light, being inlaid with *Askra*<sup>b</sup> Stones, and such shining Flints as sometimes fall down with Thunder-bolts, the Frog retired very humbly towards the Door, which we shut after us, and then set up a second Croaking more hideous than the former.

This Signal was follow'd by a prodigious Noise of Drums and Trumpets: Then casting my Eyes round the Hall, I perceived Twenty-four Caverns very artfully cut out in the Wall, fill'd with as many Animals of an enormous Size, and of a Figure altogether strange to me. It was from them the Noise proceeded; each of these monstrous Beasts having a Drum or Trumpet, on which they play'd in a Manner proportionable to their Bigness and vast Strength. My Conductress told me they were *Mites*<sup>c</sup> of that Country, which, when I examin'd more nearly, I found had indeed the Resemblance of those I had seen before. We pass'd through a long Gallery, where an infinite

<sup>b</sup> The Translator confesses he neither knows what *Askra* Stones are, nor the Flints that accompany Thunder-bolts.

<sup>c</sup> An Animal scarce perceptible, whose Figure can only be discovered through a Microscope.



Number of *Acudias*<sup>d</sup> and other shining Flies, sporting in the Air, diffus'd a pleasing Lustre from their Wings. From thence we came to a pair of Stairs, much like those we had descended at our Entrance, which conducted us to a great square Court, paved with greenish Marble: At each Corner were fine Lodgings built of the same Matter, and in the Middle a Fountain, whose Bason was more than thirty Foot Diameter, tho' cut out of but one entire Emerald. About twenty little old Women, and as many old Men, dress'd in Green, play'd here and there round the Court; some at Chuck-farthing, others at Shittle-cock, or at Cockal. As soon as *Lutfallab* appear'd, they gave over their Diversions, running to her, caressing her, and giving her the Title of Grand Mamma. The little Queen receiv'd them with so grave and prudish an Air, that I could not forbear laughing to see Old-age so frolicksome, and Youth or rather Infancy so austere and commanding Respect. *Rouschen*, said *Lutfallab*, what you see undoubtedly surprises you. The Things I behold, answer'd I, would even be frightful to me, if I did not take them all, especially these ridiculous old Women and Men, for so many Phantoms. It's the Effect of Prejudice and Ignorance that makes you think so, reply'd she; all that gay Youth exists as really as you do. Cast your Eyes upon this Looking-Glass, giving me a little Pocket one; and as I was just going to open it, she left me. I shudder still whenever I call to mind what I saw there, in seeing myself.

How great my Consternation! How sudden my Terrour! and how ready was I to sink down,

<sup>d</sup> *Little Volatiles very shining. There are Numbers of them in America.*

when I beheld my Cheeks flabby! my Eyes hollow! my Lips chopp'd and pale! my Mouth fall'n in! my Nose red and big at the End! my Chin picked! my Forehead full of Wrinkles! and my Hair as white as Snow! I ran hastily to see myself in the Fountain, still hoping the Effect of the Looking-glass might only prove an Illusion; but, alas! it brought the unwelcome Confirmation of what I had already seen, and made me cry out so terribly that all the ancient Populace gather'd together about me. My Affliction was so great, Words are not half forcible enough to express it. I became stupid and insensible, and remained in that wretched Situation, a considerable time, stretch'd on the Ground, leaning upon the Edge of the Emerald Bason. Being, at last, recovered from my deep Lethargy of Grief, I gave Vent to Tears and Complaints, crying out, Cruel *Lutfallah*! is this the Usage I was to hope from thy Protection? Hast thou conducted me here, only to make me feel the worst Effects of thy Indignation? Canst thou pretend to love me, and at the same time oppress me with the most dreadful of Ills? Couldst thou revenge thyself after a more barbarous manner, were I even thy profess'd Enemy? Oh happy *Koutai*! How do I now envy thy Beard! And how trivial do I think thy Misfortune, when compared with mine! The old Men and Women put the finishing Stroke to my Dispair, by their silly Conversation, and striving to compel me to drink some of the Fountain-water; but however they were prevented, by the Voice of a young Man, who came towards me from the other Side of the Square. He looked only to be about fifteen Years of Age, though he moved with a grave and majestic Air. His Visage wore a certain Reservedness, yet nothing of Austere in it. When he had  
 accosted

accosted me, he ask'd me, with a great deal of Affability, if I had ever heard speak of the *Peri*, *Milan-Schak*? The Perusal of our Annals, reply'd I, has given me some Idea of him. I am the very Person, answer'd he. Is it possible, resum'd I, much surpriz'd, that you can still look so young, considering how old you were, when you defeated the Monster *Ouranbad*<sup>e</sup>, in the Mountain of *Aberman*? *Milan-Schak* shook his Head and smiled, and then offer'd me his Hand, with a vast deal of Complaisance, in order to conduct me to his Apartment. After having ascended a Jasper Stair-Case, we pass'd through two Anti-chambers, set off with Landskips, and guarded by two well made Youths, unarm'd, and came into a spacious and magnificent Chamber, all richly hung with green and gold Tapestry: From thence we went into a Cabinet, adorn'd with precious Furniture, whose Ground was Green, curiously embossed with Gold, and enrich'd every where with fine Emeralds. The Wood that was imploy'd there, resembled the Colour of those precious Stones; and in the Middle of the Ceiling, there was a Carbuncle of the Bigness of a Pine-Apple, that gave a vast Lustre.

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### *The World Revers'd.*

DEar *Rouschen*, said *Milan-Schak*, when we had plac'd ourselves, there is such an Opposition between your World and ours, that it's impossible to imagine a greater, between Things essentially

<sup>e</sup> A blood-thirsty Monster, that *Aherman*, Chief of the *Divs*, made use of, instead of a Hangman.

the same. Your great Trees are with us but small Herbs; and, on the contrary, a little, tender Plant with you, is, in this Countrey, the largest of our Trees. The Fruits of the Earth are opposite in the same Proportion: Though our Corn does not differ from yours, as to its Nature, yet it surpasses it so much in Bigness, that an hundred Persons would not be able to consume ten Grains of it in a Month. As much Contrariety is found between Animals as Plants: We have none so large among us as those you call *Insects*, nor none so small as *Elephants* and *Crocodiles*. Your Flies are our greatest Birds; and *Eagles* are here almost imperceptible. As for what is of a reasonable Size with you, is much the same with us. You speak particular Languages, the Fruit of Mens Invention; ours is spoken universally, and as naturally, as *Seeing*, *Hearing*, and the rest of the Faculties are alike made use of by all Nations. The Knowledge of this Language is kept from the rest of Mankind; in Vain all your learned Men study to find it out: It is only to be attained by such as visit this Island, and unless they become a *Peris*, they lose the Memory of it the Moment they depart. In your World, no Body ever rose from the Dead, but by a Miracle; in this, we rise naturally every hundred Year, to live again the Space of one Day: You'll see an Example of it after to Morrow. With you, Men are born with tender Bodies, juicy Limbs, and a soft Skin without Hair: Thus it is we die in this Empire; whence it will be easy to infer, that we come into the World with Wrinkles, and all the Appendages of Old-age. As there are but very few handsome old People, neither *Lutfallah* nor I pretend to pass for such; but you, charming *Rouschen*, who imagine yourself frightfully ugly, now appear as beautiful in our Eyes, as you did



in those that beheld you at *Schiras*. Nothing, I assure you, can be more transporting to us, than those agreeable Wrinkles, which our Climate has adorn'd your Visage with; nor nothing more capable of enslaving us, than that flowing Hair, which dazles with its Whiteness. Every time we visit your Countries, we appear there as we should have done, had we been Natives thereof; here we look such as we really are, but according to our Way: An old Man speaks, dear *Rouschen*, and converses with a young Person, that's scarcely come to the Use of her Reason! The several Forms *Lutfallah* took, whilst with you, might, one would think, have sufficiently prepar'd you to bear yours with Intrepidity. All Men that set Foot in this Kingdom, must undergo the Laws of it; and such as are no longer dispos'd to stay there, only exchange them, to be subject to others. Deluded by Appearances, I found you giving yourself up to a thousand unjust Regrets, when I arriv'd with a young Man of your Countrey, who had invoc'd me: The Queen overheard all your Reproaches, and was almost offended at them, but still her Affection is not at all diminish'd: I deliver'd her up my Charge, and then undertook to acquaint you how far it extended. If it does not suit you to embrace my Proposals, you'll be sent back again to your World, and all future Correspondence with us will cease: If on the contrary, they are weighty enough to engage your Compliance, you shall be rais'd to the highest Dignity a mortal can hope to acquire. In one word, we require nothing but your Consent to adopt you a *Perise*. If the Power of transforming Bodies, and doing the most surprising Miracles by one single Wave of a Rod; if a Life, that's almost infinite, is capable of moving you, follow me to the Fountain of Eme-

rald : How few Drops soever you swallow of its Water, all your Ideas will be reconciled, and they'll restore you to the happy State of Infancy.

Generous *Milan-Schak*! reply'd I, I must own, you have skreen'd me from imminent Danger, by removing me from that fatal Water. I love my Reason and my Countrey, and cannot prevail on myself to forfeit either of them. I am perfectly satisfy'd with my own Condition; let it suffice, therefore, I beseech you, that I admire yours. This *Peri* seem'd more surpriz'd at my Answer than displeas'd at it; he shrunk up his Shoulders, and look'd earnestly at me, as though I excited his Compassion. During this mute Interval, there appear'd, at the Cabinet-Door, Six Green *Cats*, whose Eyes shone like as many Flambeaus, lighting along *Lutfallah*, who enter'd with an old Man, saying, *Ajoub*, whom I bring with me, persists still in his obstinacy; and *Rouschen*, reply'd *Milan-Schak*, is as opinionated. I threw myself at the Queen's Feet, imploring her Forgiveness of my Weakness, in letting slip so many indiscreet and unguarded Words in the Height of my grievous Complaints. *Ajoub* fell prostrate before *Milan-Schak*, beseeching him equally to pardon his Blindness. Old Peoples Anger against Young, does not continue long, said the Queen, rise up therefore, and since it's so decreed that we must part, employ the little Time remains for you to stay in my Empire, in observing well the Laws of it. Pleas'd with the Prospect of our Liberty, we immediately rose up from our Postures. After that, we were told Supper was upon Table.

Proceeded by the six Cat Flambeaux, we came into a large Hall on the same Floor, wainscotted with green Ebony, and adorn'd with Birds and Festoons

Festoons of Gold in Relievo: Four and twenty green Cats, and as many Lynx of the same Colour, plac'd on an equal Number of Stands of burnish'd Silver, darted from their Looks such a Radiance, as almost equall'd the Sun in its Meridian. There were two Tables: One supply'd with Pots of Perfume, and the other with a great Variety of Dishes. The Lady of the green Palace, *Milan-Schak*, four Queens, their Husbands, and those *Genii*, that were the most distinguish'd of their Families, plac'd themselves at the first of these Tables, and were magnificently serv'd with Perfumes, which are the ordinary Nourishment of *Peris*, born in the *Topsy-Turvy* Island. *Ajoub* and I, with a great Number of Guests, Profelytes from our World, and *Peris* by Adoption, fill'd the other Table. The first Course<sup>a</sup> was compos'd of large Fricassees of Pheasants, each Dish containing five or six hundred; the second was of Ortolans as big as Geese, accompany'd with Boars and Stags, spitted on Scewers, as *Europeans* do Larks: And the third presented us with two Ants Tongues, two Pasties made of the Thigh of the same Animal, which were of an excellent Taste, and several Plates of Artichokes and Melons as big as the green Peas of *Schiras*. They brought for the Desart, two Straw-berries, one Goose-berry, and two great Bowls of Squirrels Cream. The chief Part of the Dishes at Table I was unacquainted with at that time; but the Princess *Indgi-Mergian* inform'd me what they were the next Day. After Supper, my Countrey-man and I, having each a Cat allow'd to conduct and light us to our Chambers, a *Pabine*; very well shap'd, undress'd me, and retir'd as soon as I was in Bed.

<sup>a</sup> In the Original Arabick, the Courses of this Entertainment are serv'd without any Order, like the Persians and Moguls.

My Cat having extinguish'd the Light by shutting her Eyes, I feasted Imagination with all my past Adventures, and methought I felt something, I know not what, seize me, that made a far stronger Impression on my Mind, in Favour of *Ajoub*, than all the other surprising Objects I had seen. 'Till that Moment I had liv'd free from Inclination, and was such a Novice in Love, that when I found my Heart first give way to it, I burst into a Flood of Tears. What can be the meaning, said I, of my thinking of that little Monster, whom I never saw before to Day? Why did I apprehend that *Lutfallah* would over-perswade him? Oh! I feel no longer an Indifference for him; and if what his Sight has inspir'd me with, can't properly be call'd Love, it is something very nearly ally'd to it. Oh! my Heart has betray'd me! It is flown away without my Consent! After all, continu'd I, this young Man's Figure is not frightfuller than my own: What Crime then will it be in me to love him? We share the like Fate with one another, and why should not that be a Motive inducing enough to create a stricter Unity between us? I even fancy he thinks already as favourably of me as I do of him: There's the Point that requires most Dexterity to be examin'd into, but how shall I be able to penetrate the inmost Meanings of his Soul, without discovering my own, unless my Freedom with him was somewhat greater? Sleep, at last, appeas'd all my Inquietudes. The *Pabine* awoke me, and made me rise as soon as Day appear'd. I was scarce dress'd, when I saw *Lutfallah*, *Milan-Schak*, and the Princess *Indgi-Mergian*, their eldest Daughter, whom they presented me to, ready to enter my Chamber. The Queen and her Spouse ask'd me, smiling, how I had pass'd the Night?

I made



I made Answer, with the most profound Acknowledgment and Respect, that I had slept very quietly. The Question, we propose, includes the whole Night, reply'd they, and you only inform us of the latter Part of it. These Hints prodigiously surpriz'd me: I saw too well I had been overheard. Our Penetration ruffles her, said *Milan-Schak*; come to a Resolution, *Rouschen*, do not balance any longer in it, nor delay faithfully embracing the Laws of the *Topsy-Turvy* Island. When he had finish'd these Words, he took out of one of his Attendant's Hands, something like a Beet-Root, and holding it by the Leaves, he gave me a Bodkin, and commanded me to run it into the Place mark'd with a little black Spot. I obey'd him: That Moment the Root gave a terrible Shriek, and my Fellow-Companion in Fate stood there instead of it. His Face was all bloody, his Forehead pierc'd, and the Bodkin still remaining in his Wound. Oh! dearest *Ajoub*! cry'd I, embracing him, dearest *Ajoub*! whom my Soul loves more than Life, what have I done! How barbarous, or rather how unhappy am I! Was there no other Hand but mine to accomplish *Milan-Schak's* Will and Pleasure! Oh *Peri*! How could you make choice of me to spill the Blood of one, for whose Safety I should be ready to sacrifice all my own? The wounded look'd upon me without much concern, and seem'd to smile. *Lutfallab*, *Milan-Schak*, and the Princess, fell a laughing in good Earnest, and said to one another merrily, don't you think she has made the Declaration in Form? Has not she observ'd all the Rules? There appears to be some Sincerity in it, said *Ajoub*, but we must not too much depend on the first Transports of Women, whose Natures are variable. If I were fully persuaded of the

Constancy

Constancy of *Rouschen's* Love, I don't say I would not—— but in saying nothing, I testify too much for the first Time. As I was preparing to thank him, and likewise to continue my Lamentations for the Hurt I had done him, *Milan-Schak*, who had all this Time gently held him by the Hair, now withdrew his Hand, and took the Bodkin out of his Forehead, without leaving the least Orifice. *Lutfallab* ask'd me, pretty seriously, what was the present Disposition of my Heart towards him, whose Misfortune had apparently exacted so much Compassion from me? You know, great Queen! I love him, answer'd I. Now, Child, you speak right, resum'd she: The Uncertainty you were in Yesterday, as to your Passion, is directly opposite to the Custom of my Kingdom, where Women make the first Advances. I should deem it a very laudable one, reply'd I, did the amiable *Ajoub* think my Assiduities worthy of his Regard. You have both fulfill'd our Laws, answer'd the Queen; but since you had rather live subject to those of your own Country, it is my Will that you resume this Moment your former Shapes. Let the Influences that reign here, continu'd she, touching us with her Rod, cease operating upon you. *Lutfallab* did not give us time to return her thanks, but went out with her Attendants, leaving only with us a *Pabin* and a *Pabine*, who were decently plac'd on each Side of the Door.

Here the beautiful *Persian* broke short, and ask'd us if we were not curious to know what those *Pabins* and *Pabines* resembled. The *Pabine*, that undress'd you, did indeed excite my Curiosity, said *Almoraddin*, but I was unwilling to interrupt the Thread of your Story, by asking impertinent Questions. The *Pabins*, resum'd *Rouschen*,

*ſchen*, are Animals that ſerve the *Peris*, that are diſtributed into Cantons, and who cultivate the Lands of the *Topſy-Turvy* Iſland. No Creature on Earth has ſo much the Appearance of Man. Were you to ſee them dreſt or otherwiſe, you would be ready to ſwear they were Men and Women; nothing is wanting to make them ſo but a rational Soul. They have not only this Advantage over the reſt of Animals, but they likewiſe ſpeak the univerſal Language, like the *Peris*; whereas the others have but their particular ones. To conclude, the *Pabins* whole Diſcourſe runs upon eating, drinking, working, and other Subjects relating thereto, and conſiſts only in ſimple Propoſitions. They are active, robuſt, laborious, tractable, and great Imitators. All other Beaſts revere and ſerve them, except *Monkeys* and *Fleas*: The firſt being in perpetual Contention with them for the Superiority, and the ſecond, being huge wild Creatures of that Country, are very rapacious after the Fleſh of theſe almoſt human *Pabins*. In every Village there is a Kind of a Storehouſe ſet apart for the *Pabins*, to carry daily a certain Quantity of *Amber-Greaſe* of *Benjamin*, of *Incenſe* of *Aloes* Wood, and other Proviſions. When the Place is full, it is convey'd inviſibly to the City the *Peris* live in, and diſtributed in their ſeveral Habitations. The *Pabins* ſeldom divert themſelves but at the Expence of other Animals, which they often ſet together by the Ears. They are delighted above all with the Wood-lice, when contracted like Bowls<sup>b</sup>, they roul againſt each other. Theſe immeaſurable Bodies make ſuch a hideous Noiſe in their Juſtling, that one would imagine

<sup>b</sup> It is the Property of the Wood-lice to contract themſelves into a Form perfectly round.

them broke in a thousand Pieces, but immediately after it appears no more with them than an innocent Play-Game.

After this Digression, the *Persian* would have resum'd her Discourse, if the Fear of fatiguing her too much, had not oblig'd us to entreat her deferring the Continuance of it till next Day. We were of different Opinions, touching the Account she gave us, when we return'd to our Lodgings. *Almoraddin* was inclin'd to be incredulous, but for my Part, I was not far from giving Faith to all she had told us. However, our Sentiments agreed in doubting our own Judgments, and in feeling an equal Curiosity to hear the Sequel of the History. In this Disposition we repair'd to *Rouschen's* next Day, who, after the usual Compliments, gratify'd our Impatience, in the following Manner.

As soon as the Queen and *Milan-Schak* had left us, we ran to the Looking-glass, where we enjoy'd the Pleasure of beholding our selves once more in our proper Forms; and felt, at the same Time, our Inclinations resume their natural Channel. I thought *Ajoub* agreeable; he esteem'd me infinitely more charming. Madam! said he, with the utmost Respect, how dare I, without an extreme Confusion, presume to appear before you, knowing what's past? Would to God, reply'd I, we had lost our Memory with all the Gifts of this Island; or that I had, like you, only too much Reserve to reproach my self with! In the Name of our common Countrey, interrupted *Ajoub*, let us live now, as tho' we remember'd nothing! I've so high an Idea of your Generosity and Goodness, as to believe you'll restore me that by Justice, which I'm in danger of losing, by your being depriv'd of that Instinct, which first caus'd you to  
love



love me. Equity, said I, recompences only Merit; and to merit is not the Work of a Day. Inform me, pray! whom you are, and what brings *Ajoub* of *Schiras* hither? As yet I know no more of you than your Name and Countrey. When I had thus spoken, I desir'd him to sit down by me, whilst he gave me the History of his Adventures.

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### *The History of AJOUB of SCHIRAS.*

I Am, said he, Son of *Ajoub* the Physician. You are not unacquainted, amiable *Rouschen*, that all the Youth of *Schiras* delight in dancing and playing on some Instrument. One Evening, when the extream Heats of the Season oblig'd every Body to turn the Night into Day, I left my Father's House, designing to take the fresh Air of the Streets, as I play'd along them with a Flagelet I had carry'd with me for that Purpose. After having strol'd thro' a great many, and repairing Homewards, I heard the Door of a fine spacious House open, and a Voice proceed from thence, which said: *Is it you?* Promising myself some good Fortune would prove the Issue; I made Answer, yes 'tis I. Pray come up then, resum'd the Voice. Without considering the Consequence, I readily ventur'd to follow it, which led me thro' a Hall-door that was half open. I was no sooner enter'd, than three young Men that lay in wait there, surrounded me with their drawn Sabres, and said: *Expect this Instant, to wash with thy Blood, the Stain thou hast cast on our Family, by deluding our Sister.* Finding myself engag'd in so sudden and powerful an Attack, I thought it most Prudence  
not

not to put myself in a Posture of Defence, lest it should farther provoke their Rage. My Lords, said I, do nothing with Precipitation; let not Innocence fall a Victim to your Revenge tho' unluckily I am found in the Place of the Guilty. These Words suspended a while their Fury: Who art thou then, reply'd one of them hastily, if the infamous Villain we wait for be not thou? My Name, answer'd I, is *Ajoub*, I live in such a Place, and my Relations are well known there. Upon that, an old Gentleman, who was conceal'd in a dark Closet hard by, came forth, leading a most beautiful young Creature, very richly dress'd; whose Head and Eyes were fix'd on the Ground, and who let fall Abundance of Tears. *Gauber*, said he to her, pointing at me, is that the vile Wretch who has unlawfully feasted on thy Charms, and robb'd thee of thy Honour? *Gauber*, at this Question, became as fresh as a Rose newly blown, and looking in my Face, answer'd, I was not the Person. The old Gentleman, convinc'd of the Mistake, made a thousand Apologies to excuse it, and was just going to conduct me down Stairs again, when one of the young Men posted himself between me and the Door with his drawn Sword, and swore, that as I had been let into the Secret of the Dishonour of their Family, I should not escape. The other two said he was much in the Right of it, and held it absolutely necessary to dispatch me. Dear Children! reply'd the good old Gentleman, let not a blind Passion have too much the Ascendant over you! It would be the Height of Injustice, were your Revenge to take Place on the Innocent, and we might certainly expect that every Drop of his Blood would cry to Heaven for Vengeance, which would not fail, sooner or later, to fall down upon us. *Ajoub*,  
contin'd

continu'd he, taking me by the Hand, make the best of your Way, - and let not your Tongue betray what this Adventure has discover'd to you, if the Life I now preserve be any ways dear to you. You will easily conceive with what Joy I receiv'd the News of my Deliverance, and how little a while I stay'd in the House after it was given me. I was equally as pressing to reach home, but just as I was opening our Door, an Arrow pass'd whistling by my Ear, which made me jump. I look'd back and perceiv'd a Man make towards me, arm'd with a Bow in his left Hand, and a long Javelin in his Right, crying out to me: *Traitor! Tho' I have mis'd thee once, have at thee a second Time!* Seeing him alone, I took Courage, and said, I must fall by thy Hands, if it be so decreed above. I drew my *Ganjar*, and having happily parry'd his first Offer, I enclos'd him, wounding him twice in the Breast. He dropt down that instant, and begg'd his Life. I was not only generous enough to shew him Mercy, but telling me he was the Son of the Bashaw of *Schiras*, I likewise ran immediately to a Surgeon, and sent him to his Assistance. That done, I repair'd to my Father's, where I stay'd no longer than to provide myself with a Horse and Money, and without taking Leave of any Person, left the City, having every thing to fear from the Fury of a Man, who doubtless, would have made me expiate, by a shameful Death, the Crime of his Son.

I travell'd without following any certain Road. Towards Midnight I came to the great Lake of *Babu*, which was so calm, as if Heaven took a Pleasure to contemplate its infinite Perfections in it. I rode a considerable Way by the Side of it, till, at last, I reach'd the Town that bears the same Name. I knock'd at the first Door I met with,  
but

but no Body answer'd, except a great Mastiff-Dog, set loose in the Yard, that made such a terrible Barking, as awoke the rest of the Dogs of the Place. In a Moment, all *Babu* echo'd with the Noise these Animals made, still none of the Inhabitants seem'd in the least disturb'd at it. I went likewise and thunder'd at a neighbouring Door, but with the same Success as before. Despairing, at last, to find any Shelter there that Night, I pursu'd my Journey, cursing all the sleepy Natives of *Babu*. As Nature was overwhelm'd with Fatigue, and requir'd due Repose, I quitted the high Road, designing to look for some kind Retreat, suitable to indulge it. I took a Path that divided two small Mountains, which directed me to a Wood, where I rush'd in, and made Choice of the Foot of a large wild Palm-tree for my Bed. I slept there till *Aurora* visited the Earth with her glittering Rays; when, awaking, I was very much surpriz'd to hear, at a little Distance from me, the Voice of a Man, who spoke in the following Terms.

This is the precious Hour, Child: The *Peris* call'd it the wonderful one. Now it is the good *Genii* gather the powerful Herbs that transform irregular Men into wild Beasts; now it is every thing in Nature obeys their Orders, and that their mysterious Words prove most efficacious. The Sun even when rising, admires them; either because they are profess'd Enemies to the Children of *Ifriet*<sup>a</sup> and their Confederates, or that they overthrow all the vain Projects of the *Magicians*. In a Word, now it is the *Peris* appear under different Forms to Princes, that delight in executing Justice, and to Tyrants who deserve Punishment.

<sup>a</sup> A Genius far more Cruel than the ordinary Divs.



Oh Child! if thou couldst foresee this Moment as well as I, then would'st thou behold, some employ'd in the dark Shades of *Mazanderan*<sup>b</sup>, to drive the *Lions* and *Tigers* from their Dens, in Defence of the Innocent in Oppression, and admire the Facility of the others, in rendring the *Hydras* and *Griffins* Tame and Familiar.

I had not Patience any longer to listen to so strange a Discourse, without having a Curiosity to see the Person that held it. So advancing softly from one Tree to another, I came to a pretty thick Grove of Laurels, where concealing myself, I had the Advantage of discovering without being perceiv'd, a grave old Man, habited in a long brown Robe, and a young Maid sitting near him, with a blew Veil that cover'd every Part of her, except her Face and Hands. She had her Eyes fix'd very modestly on the old Man, whom she seem'd listening to with great Attention. I shew'd myself, and by my Presence interrupted their Conversation. At my Appearance, the young Maid drew her Veil over her Face, and the old Man rose and met me. Having accosted him, you behold, said I, a Traveller, distress'd by Hunger and Weariness, compell'd to importune you. By *Ali*! reply'd he, you are most welcome, the *Sages* were never unhospitable. The Charity I shew you, will serve as a new Instruction for my Daughter. Go! refresh yourself in our Retreat, we will rejoin you in an Hour. He shew'd me, at the same Time, a little Path, which I following, conducted me, after several Turnings, into a Grotto.

Tho' the Entrance was very narrow and obscure, yet it was light enough within, extreamly neat, and contain'd several spacious Chambers.

<sup>b</sup> *The Hircania of the Ancients.*

A Slave, to whom I declar'd my Distress, and the charitable Intentions of his Master, brought before me Raisins, Pistachoes, fresh Dates, white Bread, and excellent Metheglin. Whilst I was thus agreeably employ'd, I desir'd him to go in search of my Horse, describing, as well as I could, the Place where I had left him. If you expect I should obey you, answer'd the Slave, promise not to quit this Apartment till my Return, or my Master's. I readily oblig'd my self so to do, but after I had eat and drank, I was possess'd with such an irresistible Curiosity to examine the Dwelling of a Person like him I had seen, that it was impossible for me to keep my Word, and I left no Part unsearch'd. The most remote Cavity of the Grotto form'd a Cabinet full of Books, *Talismans*, and Figures of all Sorts of Plants and Animals. I amus'd myself here more than in any other Part; and perceiving on the Table a Parchment unroll'd, on which was something wrote in green Letters, I took it up inconsiderately, and read these Words: *Peri Milan-Schak! Lieutenant of the green Palace! Peri Milan-Schak! Husband of Lutfallab! what's the Sword of Gian doing? where is his Buckler?* The Moment I had pronounc'd the last Word of this Invocation, *Milan-Schak*, whom you know, appear'd to me, and carry'd me away, without speaking a Word. You are doubtless sensible, beautiful *Rouschen*, that it was he who brought me to this Island.

*The Continuation of the History of the*  
PERSIAN LADY.

**A**FOUB having had the good Nature to give me the real History of his leaving *Schiras*, I thought myself oblig'd, in Point of Honour and Gratitude, to relate also what had befallen me. He then gave me to understand that I was not unknown to him, that he had been one of my Admirers for a long Time, and that our Conditions being pretty near equal, he flatter'd himself with the Hope of being happy with me, by the Consent of our Parents. I gave Ear to what he said, without repulsing him too severely, or testifying too much I lov'd him. The Conversation lasted till Dinner, after which the Princess *Indgi-Mergian* led us into the Gardens. She was the most beautiful of all the *Perises*: Her Hair was the finest black in the World; her Eyes large and full of Vivacity; her Complexion cannot be describ'd, without comparing it to the Lillies and Roses; to all this, she had an Air of Majesty worthy of her Birth, and knew how to explain herself with an admirable Grace. Since you are on the Point of leaving us, said she, when we were in the *Parterre*, it is necessary I should finish instructing you. Can you tell what these Flowers are? We told her we were charm'd at the Beauty of those we saw. The obliging Princess was pleas'd to give herself the Trouble to name them us, one after another. I say nam'd them us, for we knew them already, but without the Assistance of *Indgi-Mergian*, our Knowledge of them would have prov'd of little Service to us, except those of a middling Size. In Effect, how could we imagine

to see a Violet, when we had a Flower before our Eyes as big as a Sun-Flower? and who would think of looking for Lillies, on Stems about the Bigness of a Pin? This agreeable Amusement did not hinder the Daughter of *Lutfallah* from telling us several other Things touching the Religion of the *Peris*, and the holy War this generous Nation had for so many Ages, maintain'd against the *Divs*. She likewise enlarg'd upon many other Particularities of the Island, which had not been treated on in the Instructions we receiv'd from *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak*.

Beyond the Parterre, there was a large Square of Water, in the middle of which was erected a most beautiful little Pleasure-house, built in the Form of a Castle. We intreated the Princess to favour us with the Sight of this delightful Edifice, who was complaisant enough to comply with our Request; and only call'd out pretty loud, ho *Mor!* ho *Mor!* when *Mor*, an old violet colour'd Water-Rat, with a great Beard, and as big as a Bear, immediately unchain'd a *Gondola* from the Foot of the Pleasure-house, and brought it over to us. We pass'd the Water in it, and landing, we enter'd into a little, tho' perfectly enchanting Recess. We cast our Eyes round, when to our great Astonishment we miss'd *Indgi-Mergian*, who that Moment was with us. I blush'd, and was very much confus'd to find myself thus alone with *Ajoub*. Give me a Proof, said I to him, of the Sincerity of your Affection, by the Respectfulness of your Behaviour; for nothing can be so much engaging to a Heart like mine as Modesty. *Ajoub* gaz'd upon me with such an Earnestness, as tho' he wanted the Power of Utterance; and when I had ceas'd speaking, his Lips and Hands mov'd, as if they were directed to me; but far from hear-  
ing



ing what he said, I could not distinguish even the Sound of his Voice. Then I look'd upon him in my Turn with equal Surprise: *Ajoub*, reply'd I, your Silence wounds me: What Presages all these Signs? What would you say to me? Here his Lips began again their Motion, and he resum'd all the little Gestures the Head and Hands commonly make use of, to give the proper Action to a solid Discourse, still, not a Syllable that he seem'd to pronounce, affected my hearing more than the first Time. I thought myself the Subject of his Derision, and he, probably, imagin'd the same of me; for we frown'd upon each other with such a Disdain as can't be express'd. During this Scene, the Daughter of *Lutfallah* re-appear'd, laughing immoderately. You injure both your Passions, said she to us, by a mistaken Resentment: 'Tis by a particular Virtue appropriated to this Summer House, that cuts off all Conversation between Lovers; because, as the young *Peris* resort there pretty often, the Queen did not judge proper to suffer it, lest a mutual Declaration of Tendernefs, should prove instrumental in corrupting them. The Moment there's a Simpathy between *Hearts*, the *Ears* are render'd incapable of their Function. But however, your Grimaces and little Disgusts have afforded me too much unexpected Diversion, not to think myself oblig'd to you for it, and to allow you the Liberty of asking me any Question you shall be pleas'd to propose.

Having plac'd ourselves on a little *Sofa* below her's, we remain'd in Silence a considerable Time, to recover the Confusion our Spirits were in. Then I deliver'd myself as follows: Powerful Princess! I humbly entreat to know why our Sex govern in this Island. *Lutfallah* I perceive is acknowledg'd Queen, yet *Milan-Schak* claims not the Character

of King. The other *Perises*, whether Queens or Subjects, have equally a Superiority over their Husbands, which gives me much Matter of Wonder. May I, with Submission, farther ask if this Custom be introduc'd to compensate the Affidui-  
ties of the *Perises*, whilst in a Virgin State? In our World, young Men before Marriage, pay their Mistresses the utmost Deference, Humility and Complaisance; but when that Ceremony is over, their former *Devoirs* are converted into *Authority*. Our Laws, resum'd the Princesses, are much preferable to yours, and are grounded upon these three Reasons: The first is, the *Perises* have infinitely more Understanding than the *Peris*, and are as naturally superior to them as those are to common Men, or these latter to the *Pabins*, and so on by Degrees. The second is, that Strength is added to their Wit; whereas Men are only Masters in your World, but because they are stronger. And the third is mysterious. Only observe, that Fertility is the Source of all Things, and that it can't be too much honour'd.

*Indgi-Mergian* having discontinu'd speaking, *A-joub* kept up the Conversation, and said: As there's but little Probability of our being suffer'd to remain Time enough to make sufficient Remarks of this City, therefore I believe *Rouschen* will not be displeas'd if I beseech you, charming Princess! to give us some Idea of it; for, as yet, I know not so much as its Name. This City, answer'd the Daughter of *Lutfallah*, is call'd *Gianire*. After the Death of *Gian*, Sovereign of all the *Genii*, the War, that seem'd to be at an End towards his latter Years, being renew'd between the *Peris* and *Divs*, there arose such terrible Disorders throughout all *Ginnistan*, that made *Gian*, only Son of that good King abandon it, with his Family, and four others

others of the most Illustrious of the Nation of the *Peris*. This great Design produc'd a very happy Event, by the Succour of *Feramak* his Consort, who render'd the Vigilance of the *Divs* of no Effect, and conducted her triumphant Band into this Island. The Town was built in a very short Time, which *Feramak* call'd *Gianire*, from the Name of her Husband. To preserve an establish'd Peace in her new Colony, she shar'd her Authority with the four Mothers of the Families that had accompany'd her, and since that Time, *Gianire* has always been govern'd by five Queens. These our Ancestors, made Choice of five different Colours to distinguish themselves, their Subjects, and even their Descendants. These Colours were *Green*, which is ours, *Blew*, *Yellow*, *Red* and *White*. There are five broad Streets in the City of *Gianire*; one End of them coming into the Market-Place, and the other leading to the Front of a Palace. The Queens Palaces are built of Marble of the same Colour their Arms are of; the ordinary Houses take their's from the Palace they are dependent on; and those are inhabited by *Peris* of the second Class. I will shew you to morrow, both the great Market-Place and the Academy, which is the most sumptuous Piece of Building in the whole Island. But how great soever your Admiration may be, at the Sight of so magnificent an Edifice, the Resurrection of *Feramak* and *Gian*, my Ancestors, and those I have been telling you of, will, undoubtedly, astonish you much more. When *Indgi-Mergian* had finish'd the Description, she rose up, and we cross'd the Water again together. After that, we walk'd a considerable Time in a Wood of lofty Strawberry-trees, which, at that Season, could scarcely support the Weight of that delicious Fruit. They wasted a

most grateful Air, and such an exquisite Odour, that the hymenial Perfumes can't be compar'd to it, without rendering the Comparison odious. The next Morning, a little before peep of Day, the whole Town was rais'd from their Sleep by a most harmonious Symphony, that was heard in the Air over the Academy, where People began to repair from all Parts.

Being very desirous to be of the Number of the Spectators, I went down into the Court-yard, where I found two Wood-lice, about thirty Foot long, and large in Proportion, very richly harness'd, and who carry'd on their spacious Backs commodious and magnificent Lodgings, compos'd of a Chamber and two Cabinets: The one employ'd the Forepart, and might contain twelve Foot square; and the others, one of which serv'd as an Anti-chamber, were about seven Foot long, and six broad. These moving Apartments were hung with green Velvet, the rest of the Furniture answerable to it. Tho' these valuable Moveables, as well as all other Riches, stand the *Peris* in nothing, yet the Nicety of their Taste and Judgment in adorning the Lodges of *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak*, was almost the chief Thing to be admir'd in them. I can't forbear acquainting you, now I am about it, that no Carriage whatever is comparable to those, either for Safety or Conveniency. A Wood-louse is of a surprizing tractable Nature, and always attentive to the Directions of his Conductor, whose Seat is plac'd as it were on the Head of this Animal. He goes as fast as one pleases, without abating any thing of the Uneasiness of his Pace. If by Chance he lames himself in one of his Feet, it is not perceivable, because he has thirteen more to sustain him. His Shells are all spotted, and shine like those of the great



great *Indian* Tortoises; and their two Horns are almost as useful to them, as Trunks are to *Elephants*.

*Lutfallah* plac'd me nigh herself, and *Ajoub* accompany'd *Milan-schak*. We pass'd through a very long Street, cross'd by five others, at an equal Distance between each other. All the Houses we saw were built of green Marble, with such a Symmetry as did not fatigue the Sight by too near a Resemblance. We came at last to a very spacious, round Place, in the Middle of which was an Edifice, built also round, that has not its Fellow in the World, being the same *Indgi-Mergian* had told us of. It serves the *Peris* both for an Academy and a Temple: It is cover'd with a Golden Cupilo, whose Lustre did not seem lessen'd, even by the Sun's, which was then rising. Five Porticoes of *Agate*, each of different Colours, and adorn'd with twelve fine lofty Columns, give the Entrance into this magnificent Temple, and which face the five principal Streets of the Town. The Orders of Architecture are so regularly observ'd, that nothing we see in these Parts, can possibly convey a stronger or more grateful Idea. I took Notice that the Chapters of all the Columns are compos'd of four Figures, representing the Heads of Lobsters, the Contours of whose Horns, on the Top, produce a very agreeable Effect. The Portico we enter'd into, was of green *Agate*, spotted with White, on the Frontispiece of which was wrote the illustrious Names of *Feramak* and of *Gian*, in large golden Letters. We went up nine Steps of Serpentine Marble, into a Theatre divided into five Parts. All the Stages of each Part were full of *Perises* and *Peris* of different Ages, and dress'd in the same Colour with their Queen, whose Throne was fix'd quite on the Top.

*The*

*The Resurrection of Queen FERAMAK,  
and GIAN her Husband.*

IN the Middle of the Amphi-Theatre, there lay two Vessels of Crystal, in the Figure of Eggs, which contain'd two little dead Bodies of different Sexes. Just when we enter'd, the four Queens and their Husbands were sitting on the Ground about these Vessels, and contemplating them with a most surprising Attention and Modesty. *Lutfallah* and *Milan-Schak* join'd them; and *Ajoub* and I were conducted up to the Top of the Amphi-Theatre, by a private Stair-Case, and plac'd near the green Throne. There reigned such a profound Silence in this numerous Assembly as made it frightful. A quarter of an Hour after, *Feramak* and *Gian*, who were inclos'd in the two Vessels, began to shew all the Marks of Life; the transparent Eggs clove assunder, and were converted into green Cloaths to cover their Nakedness. These Bodies, risen from the Dead, grew to the same Bigness they were of in the Flower of their Age: Then they rose by degrees into the Air; the *Perises* and *Peris* surrounding them; and being come to the Height of the Thrones, they stopp'd there a Moment, casting their Eyes all round, as it were to examine the Company. After that, they sunk down, without the least Motion, towards the Middle, where I was, and plac'd themselves by each other in the green Throne. Nothing but Death itself could ever terrify me more than did the Approach of these People, who were just come from the other World. Those of both Sexes, that had accompany'd them thither, saluted them in the most profound Manner,



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ner, and then went, taking the same Road in the Air, to fill their Thrones over the Band of their Colour. *Lutfallab* and *Milan-Schak* sat at the Feet of *Feramak* and *Gian*. The two risen from the Dead, wore a very grave and serious Air, as though they were meditating on Affairs of great Consequence. *Feramak* had a delicate fair Complexion; *Gian* a swarthy one; his Eyes were lively, his Beard and Hair jet-black, and look'd like a severe and courageous Man. His Wife pronounc'd the following Discourse, in a very distinct, easy Manner, and with a very elevated Voice.

The purify'd Shades, that came to visit us in our peaceful Mansions, since our last Expiration, have, from time to time, appris'd us of such Passages and Transactions, as would have oblig'd us to hasten our Return much sooner, had it been in our Power to accomplish it. It grieves me to tell you, my dear Children, that the Glory of our Nation degenerates by little and little, and that the detestable *Divs* are insensibly becoming conspicuous on our Ruin and Decay; a Misfortune the more fatal, as you are almost unprepar'd to receive it. Whence proceeds this passive Neglect of our Wel-fare? From a Want of due Reflection on the End, for which we are rais'd above the rest of Mortals. We trifle away our Time about Nothings; for such I esteem all Prodigies, done without having an absolute Necessity, or an apparent Advantage in view.

Do you imagine the most essential Glory of our State consists in building Palaces; adorning them with rich Furniture, dressing in magnificent Habits, giving a false Gloss of Beauty to Persons, whose Natures are opposite, filling Coffers with Pearls and Diamonds, inspiring Men with the Knowledge

ledge of the various Languages of Birds and other Animals, favouring the insignificant Passion of some amorous Trifler, and transforming Bodies from one Shape to another? All these Wonders, in our Power, are not estimable in themselves: they ought only to be made use of, as Means to arrive at a higher Degree of Perfection. If we propose no more than the Performance of them, we abuse the most sublime Gifts, render ourselves useless to the Universe, betray our Virtue, and resign up our Right of Empire to Enemies unworthy of it.

How can a few vain Applauses sooth us, when so many impending Ills hang over our Heads? Ought we, alas! to purchase a fading Admiration at so dear a Rate? Where are the Ages, not to mention those of my own Time, which my grand Niece *Lutfallah* and her Spouse render'd so famous by their first Exploits? Then our Sciences not only contributed to the Glory of the *Sams-Nerimans*, the *Zals-Zers*, the *Rostams*, the *Kaico-bads*, the *Asfendiars*, and a numerous Multitude of other Heroes, but at the same time made Virtue also triumphant. Then we beheld nothing but great Enterprises, Queens deliver'd from the Hands of their Ravishers, Magicians vanquish'd, Giants trod under Foot, Monsters defeated, Tyrants dispoil'd and put to Death, and the strongest Enchantments of Vice happily brought to an End. Then the *Divs* <sup>b</sup> *Nerez* and their Disciples durst not presume to appear, or if they had the Temerity to do it, they receiv'd the just Punishment of their Crimes: But alas! that happy Time's no more! The World seems now a days to be fill'd

<sup>a</sup> *Warriours very much boasted of in Romances, and as much sung in the Persian and Arabian Poems.*

<sup>b</sup> *The true Sur-Name of the evil Genii.*

with *Genii*, only to do childish Actions. *Feramak*, in uttering these last Words, let fall some Tears, which the whole Assembly appear'd to be greatly mov'd at.

Your Sighs, pursu'd she, would make me judge I have a little too far exaggerated your Faults, but I hope my Reproaches will be of such Service as to engage you to remark what's most reprehensible in your past Actions, and put you more on your Guard for the future. As our Time is short among you, let the Youth of the second Class immediately begin their Exercise, that they may deserve our Praises.

That Moment the *Perises* and *Peris*, Subjects of *Lutfallah*, rose up and repair'd to the *Area*, in order to commence the Exercise of the Elements. The Chaos was the first thing represented; then they divided the Matter into two Parts, and after that into four. Each Part produc'd its proper Effects; as the *Fire*, Light'nings, Thunder-bolts, Conflagrations, and *Ignis Fatuus's*: The *Air*, Winds, Thunders, and ordinary Star-fallings. The *Water*, Tempests and Monsters; and the *Earth*, Earthquakes, new Mountains, Abysses and Forests. All these Things were shewn in Miniature, which gave a great Proof of the green Band's Dexterity, they having observ'd, with the greatest Nicety, all the Rules of Proportion.

The yellow and blue *Peris* assembled together to imitate rural Diversions: Their first Representation was, a surprising Prospect of Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, and all sorts of Cattel feeding therein, even with their Shepherds and Shepherdesses. The Scene was concluded by a witty Game: Three young Shepherds, and as many Shepherdesses, accompany'd with the oldest of their Profession, of each Sex, belonging to their Village, sat together



ther under the Shade of some Trees. Each Shepherdess accus'd her Shepherd with a Defect; and each Shepherd attributed to his Shepherdess a Perfection. All the Shepherds prov'd, by a little pleasant Argument, that one reigning Quality of their Shepherdesses, was capable of effacing all the Failings they might otherwise be guilty of; and all the Shepherdesses plainly demonstrated, that the principal Imperfection of their Shepherds only serv'd to brighten the Lustre of their fine Qualities. The ancient Woman impos'd Silence on the Shepherds, as did the old Man on the Shepherdesses; and then they declar'd which of the Sheperdesses and Shepherds had argued best, according to the Opinion of the Company. Immediately after the Decision, they were created Queen and King of the *Dance*, which was perform'd by the Sound of a Bag-pipe and Tabor, which the old Man and Woman play'd upon.

The red and white *Peris* exercised next together: They built Cities, Castles, Palaces; made Furniture, Jewels, Cloaths, *Menageries*, Fountains and Singing-Birds: They represented likewise *Sultans* with their Courts; Princeesses of all Ages and Nations, with their Attendants; and Mosques, Doctors, *Vizirs* and *Cadis*.

They were all so perfect in their Parts, that at each Motion of a Rod, every thing, that Moment, was presented to our View. *Feramak* and *Gian* openly applauded the Dexterity of their Performances. The Companies, transported with the Praises given them, re-united to treat the Assembly. In a Word, the whole Edifice was fill'd, in a Moment, with the most exquisite, rare and nourishing Perfumes. When the Entertainment was over, the Queens with their Spouses form'd a Circle in the Middle of the Amphi-Theatre. The



two risen from the Dead descended softly, till they came to the Centre, where *Gian*, who had kept Silence till then, said three times, with a loud and majestick Voice, *Let the Sword of Gian glitter, and his Buckler wound Ifriet*. As soon as this mysterious Proclamation was issu'd, *Feramak* and *Gian* insensibly diminish'd, and became Eggs again. Then they rose from the Ground as high as the Thrones, and hurrying through the Air with Rapidity, they went out of the blue Portico, and drew after them the whole Assembly. I was carry'd away as well as the rest; we flew over the Houses of the City, and having travel'd about eighteen Miles, we came to a Mountain of black Marble, which had a great Opening in the Middle. We enter'd into it, following the two Eggs, that conducted us down a continual Descent, through easy Paths, into a vast large arched Palace, where there were more than two thousand Eggs, exactly resembling the others. As my Eyes were attentively fix'd on them to see whereabouts they plac'd themselves, a Drop of Water fell on my Face from the Arch, which was so cold, that it depriv'd me of all my Senses. What Form or Figure I assum'd, I know not, but I am positive in this, that I found myself in my Father's House at *Schiras*, lay'd in a Bed, all over in a Sweat, and almost famish'd with Hunger.

I call'd for something to eat, which they gave me, with such Moderation, that I easily perceiv'd they imagin'd me seiz'd with some Indisposition. My Father, Sister, and Physician, who were present, assured me I had been three Days without any Motion, and almost any Pulse. I told them, it was certainly some Phantom, in my Shape, that had led them into such an Error, and then related to them my Adventures at length. The  
Sighs

Sighs of my Father, the Nods of my Sister, and the certain smiling Air the Physician affected, convinc'd me they gave but little Credit to what had befallen me. My Sister's Beard might perhaps have gain'd Belief upon them, had she been still plagu'd with it. I call'd in vain for my changeable Habit, and as fruitless did I invoke *Lutfallah*: I hope, said I to them, you won't deny but the Son of our Bashaw was very dangerously wounded by young *Ajoub*; still they held my Assertion groundless. I was obliged to submit both to their Incredulity and the whole Town's. Fatigu'd at last with so general an Unbelief, I obtain'd, as soon as I was thought recover'd, Leave of my Father to go and live some time with an Aunt I have at *Oormus*. *Ajoub* paid me a Visit there, when I had almost forgot him. Indeed I could scarce recollect myself to have seen him, at his first accosting me; but he answer'd the Questions I ask'd him, so very particularly, that I no longer doubted it was he. After that, I entreated him to tell me, how he left the *Topsy-Turvy* Island.

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### *The Sequel of the History of AJOUB.*

MADAM, said he, your Departure and mine proceed from the same Cause: A Drop of Water, that fell upon me from the Top of the Vault, benumb'd all my Limbs. When my Spirits began to resume their former Functions, I found myself stretched on a Bed of dry Leaves, at the Bottom of a Grotto. I perceiv'd it to be the same where I had been order'd to go, by the Sage of *Babu*, but it was so empty and Desert like  
then

then, that it look'd as though no Body had ever dwell'd there. I only found in the Recess, that was set apart for the Sage's Cabinet, a Paper, where I read these Words:

“ *Ajoub!* your Temerity, that deserv'd an exemplary Punishment, has perhaps procur'd your future Happiness, unless a fatal Untowardness bring you here again. If you chance to return hither, the Situation of this Place shall remind you of your Fault. A Sage's Revenge extends itself no farther. Far from carrying his Resentment to the Extremity ordinary Men do, he kindly informs you, that the Person you wounded at *Schiras*, is become now one of your best Friends.”

The Perusal of this Writing afforded me a great deal of Pleasure. I rose up and went directly out of the Grotto, where, contrary to my Expectations, I found my Horse ty'd to a Tree, whom I mounted upon, and proceeded with all Haste towards *Schiras*. As soon as I enter'd the Town, I went to an *Iman's* <sup>a</sup> House of my Acquaintance, where I alighted and wrote a Line to the Bashaw's Son, who immediately sent back word to desire I would favour him with my Company. When I was by his Bed's-side, he said, looking pleasantly at me, and pressing my Hand, I have taken such good Precautions, as to prevent this Accident reaching my Father's Ears. My Wounds, though large, are not mortal; so that, neither you nor I have any thing to fear. Then I begg'd he would make me sensible in what I had incurr'd his Hatred. Jealousy, reply'd he, was the Motive that inflamed the Fury you saw me in, and which would certainly have prov'd fatal, had not your

<sup>a</sup> A Mahometan Curate.



Generosity disdain'd taking the Advantage, your superiour Skill had given over it.

The Occasion of my coming to such Extremities with you, was this: The happy Night of my Affignation with the charming *Gauber* being come, and waiting impatiently the much wish'd for Minute, I perceiv'd you pass under my Window, making the same Signal I had agreed to give her, in a Billet I had sent her for that Purpose. I did not take much Time to deliberate on such an odd Incident, but directly follow'd you. I scarce had overtaken you, when I saw you enter my Charmer's Doors. Your staying there so considerable a while, made me readily conclude she was become false, and that you had robb'd me of the only Treasure I possess'd in the World. How did Rage, Revenge and Despair torture me by Turns: I saw you at last come out, when I ran after you, attack'd you, and you know with what Success. My Innocence, reply'd I, deserv'd Fortune's Favour at that time. I grant it, resum'd he; yesterday one of *Gauber's* Slaves inform'd me, that my last Letter to her had been intercepted by her Brothers, and describ'd likewise the dangerous Adventure had happen'd to you on my Account. I was very much surpriz'd, you must believe, at this News; but still more terribly shock'd, when the Slave added, that my Soul's Inspirer was condemn'd to fall the Victim of my Love, e'er two Hours elaps'd. Without losing a moment's time, I wrote to her Father, intimating, that my Conversation with his Daughter had only an honourable View, and that nothing in this World could render me so happy as his immediate Compliance to put it in execution. I sent this little Billet, which produced the very Effect I could wish. *Ajoub*, continu'd he, let our Friendship



ship be inviolable for the future, and begin to convince me of it, by going, this instant, in my Name, to confirm the Promise I have given. I quitted myself of this agreeable Commission with as much Joy as they felt, who, some Days before, imagin'd their Revenge gratify'd, by having me in their Power. The Night following I was seiz'd with a violent Fever, occasion'd by the Agitations and Fatigues I had endured. I kept my Bed for a long time, without seeing any Body, and was not even pass'd Danger, when the welcome News of your Return reach'd my Ears: But, alas! how transient was the Happiness that Thought gave me! Your Departure for *Ormus* soon succeeded, which certainly would have cut my Thread of Life, had not my Father apply'd other Remedies than his own to restore me. I disclos'd to him my Disease, which till then I had conceal'd, and likewise whom the fair Author was that I hoped would have Charity enough to heal the Wounds she had given. Upon this open Declaration, he had immediate Recourse to your Father, most adorable *Rouschen*! And after some Conference together on that Head, the Life-restoring Result of it, was this;— Presenting me a Letter from my Father, wherein I read, with a Satisfaction and Pleasure I could not disguise, his Approbation of the Bearer becoming his Son-in-Law. How easy is it to be dutiful, when it's agreeable to the Inclination! Our Marriage was solemniz'd with all the usual Ceremonies; after which, *Ajoub* follow'd Merchandizing. I must beg, Gentlemen, you'll dispense with me from proceeding any farther: I accompany'd him every where he went, and I think Death was very cruel to separate us.

*Loulou* endeavour'd here to divert the Tears of her Mother, by a little witty Flight that came in—

to her Head, or rather that she was Mistress of at Pleasure. Dear Mamma! said she to her, the *Portuguese* Slave, perceiving me cry and in a very melancholly Posture this Morning, told me a Story that has somewhat mitigated my Grief: I have it still fresh in my Memory, and if you please to give Attention to it, I hope it will prove as efficacious to you. The beautiful *Persian* could not refrain smiling, and said to her, If the Fable you speak of be not of too tedious a Length, I give you leave to relate it. Upon which she gave a Glance at me as though she was going to tell me something very surprising. I shall now, said she, inform *Abdallah*, why Men grow older as they live, whereas Serpents become younger.

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### *The Second Story of LOULOU.*

A LITTLE after the *Perises* had shewn their Power and Friendship to Men, they were solicited to grant them a Gift. Let us know, answer'd the *Perises*, in what the Gift consists, and it shall be given to you. That we may always remain, reply'd the Man, in the full Vigour of our Youth, without ever feeling the Incommodities of old Age. Let it be according to your Wish, said the *Perises*, we all agree to it, but mind you be careful in preserving the Privilege we are about to grant you; for if once you lose it, expect to fall again into your former State.

Some time after this, a young *Peri* was dispatch'd to the Men, charg'd with Letters Patents, for perpetual Vigour, wrote in very good Form. As soon as they were deliver'd, all the old Men  
resum'd

resum'd their former Youth, their grey Hairs fell, the Specks in their Eyes disappear'd, their wrinkled Skins grew smooth, and they became, at last, as handsome and strong as they had ever formerly been. How did the old Women then hold up their Heads! And with what Disdain did not they now revenge the Contempt had been shewn them?

Some Years after this Condescension of the *Perises*, the War between the Men and the wild Beasts, happen'd to break out again, on Account of certain Forests that the Men had usurp'd. Each Power made War-like Preparations, and dispos'd themselves to give Battle. The Men, having committed the Care of their Baggage to *Asses* and other tame Animals, began very hard Marches towards the contested Forests. The Enemies, on the contrary, did not all repair thither, but selected out of their Army a certain Number of *Serpents*, *Foxes* and some other Creatures they judg'd most cunning, to lye in Ambush on the Roads, with strict Orders to maintain resolutely all difficult Passes. Skirmishes were continually happening between both Parties, without any apparent Advantage on either Side, till one Rencontre, the Men had the Misfortune of losing all they esteem'd valuable, their Privilege; and that, through the Negligence of the *Asses*, who was loaded with it.

This stupid Creature coming to the Side of a River, and Designing to pass it, a huge Serpent that was posted there to obstruct the Passage, said to him, that if he had Thoughts of pursuing his Journey, he ought first to quit his Load. The *Ass*, upon this, was going to turn back again, but being very thirsty, he stoop'd down his Head to drink, before he set forward; yet still the Ser-



pent oppos'd his Design, and coming up close to him, said, What needs flattering, I swear you shall not taste one Drop of it, unless you directly resign me up your Burthen. These Waters, I am Keeper of, are very fresh and cool, and ought not to be drank but at Leisure; which you well deserve, after the Fatigues you have undergone. Unload yourself therefore, and take Refreshment, then you'll find how gaily you'll go and rejoin your Fellow-Travellers. The As, press'd both by Drought and Fear of staying too long behind his Companions, yielded, at last, to this deceitful Speech, and threw off his Load. Whilst he was drinking the Serpent seiz'd the Panniers, and finding the Privilege in them made off, and communicated it to the rest of the Serpents. Since that time, Serpents cast every Year their old Skins, and take new ones. Men, on the contrary, hourly decay, till they attain old Age, which, at last, puts an End to their Days.

I had all the Reason imaginable to suspect, that the *Persian* and her Daughter had been appris'd of my Undertaking, and that this Story was levell'd at me. I assured the Mother, as did also *Almoraddin*, that nothing had ever fill'd me with more Admiration, than the History of her Adventures. She seem'd perfectly satisfied with the Reflections we had made, and as we were about to take our Leaves, gave me an obliging Summons to discharge that Part of the Convention which regard-ed me, as soon as possible. I could wish, Madam, said I, I had already quitted myself of it, as *Almoraddin* has done; for what can I presume to recount after all the wonderful Things I have heard?

We did not return our Visit for many Days after the Conversation broke up. *Almoraddin* was taken up in hast'ning his Work-men, and exchanging



changing such Goods as he thought were superfluous, for those he had occasion for. Instead of Gum-*Arabick*, Amber from *Souffel*, and white Linens from *Cambaye*, he had Diamonds from *Visapour*, Pearls from *Coromandel*, and *Canara* Pepper, which is most esteem'd in the *Indies*. Tho' these Exchanges were very advantageous to him, yet the Profit that accrued from them, was far less sensible to him, than the Pleasure he felt in the Hope of presenting them to the beautiful *Zulikbab*, whether his Attempt succeeded or not. And for my part, I did not want Employment. The more Questions I ask'd, the more I was convinced of the Difficulty of my coming to the Knowledge of the Oracle I was in search of. The Adventures of the *Persian* Lady, at first, gave me a Glimmering of Hope; but then when I had heard the Catastrophe of them, and found that she had not the least Correspondence with the *Peris*, I condemn'd my too great Facility in having conceiv'd it. As we return'd from paying our last Visit, *Almoraddin*, still more prejudic'd than before, said to me: We have both acknowledg'd our Admiration of *Rouschen*, but for my part, I only praise the Order of her *Refveries*, and great Simplicity in regard of *Ajoub*. And you, *Abdalla*, what is it you admire? Her Discoveries, answer'd I coolly. What you term as such, reply'd he, are not then gross Imaginations? Sure you are not still inclinable to believe *Rouschen* was ever in the *Topsy-Turvy* Island? I am persuaded, resum'd I, that her Body never was there, but as for her Soul, I find it possible; since the Voyage a Soul makes, may be no less true, than those perform'd by Souls and Bodies join'd together. Did not our Prophet go from *Mecca* to *Jerusalem*, and from thence to Heaven? Did not he traverse the *Iron*

Heaven, the *Brass* Heaven, the *Silver* Heaven, the *Golden* Heaven, the *Pearl* Heaven, the *Emerald* Heaven, the *Ruby* Heaven, and the *Opal* Heaven; tho' there is as much Distance from one Heaven to another, as would take an ordinary Man a thousand Years travelling? Did not he penetrate the five-hundred and forty Spaces of *Water*, *Snow*, *Hail*, *Clouds*, *Darkness*, *Fire*, *Light* and *Glory*, which reach from the *Opal* Heaven to the Throne of God? Did not he return to *Mecca* the same Way he went? And did not the Prophet perform this vast Voyage in one Night, imperceptibly to the fair *Aischa*, whom he was in Bed with? She could not be sensible of it, as the most celebrated Doctors assert, because the Body of *Mahomet* remain'd in Bed with her. *Almoraddin*, who was no very great Scholar, cast down his Eyes, and I did not judge it proper to augment his Confusion. The next Visit we paid to *Rouschen*, I discharg'd the Obligation I lay under, by relating the following History.

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*The History of Prince TANGUT, and  
the Princess with a Nose a Foot long.*

THERE reign'd, in one of the Vallies of the great Mount *Dalanger*, a King, Widdower, very poor, and very old, who had three Sons, whom he spoke to one Day in these Terms: My Ancestors call me, but before my Departure, I think it my Duty to reveal a Secret to you. Know then, a little before my Marriage, I went in Pursuit of a *Bear*, and being very much fatigu'd with the Chace, and benighted, I sought Shelter and  
Rest

Rest for my weary'd Limbs, in a Cavern of the yellow Mountain. Next Morning, a very handsome young Man appear'd to me, and said: *Aboucaf!* beget pretty Children! and when thou art just upon the Point of bidding adieu to the World, send them hither! I had not time to thank the Youth, before he became invisible; but I have ever retain'd his Sayings to me. Repair, Dear Children! therefore to the yellow Mountain; perhaps you will find there an Inheritance more worthy of you, than that I am able to bequeath you. The three mountain Princes delay'd no Time to depart, and being come to the Cavern, advanc'd almost to the further Part of it, where they perceiv'd the Foot of a Stair-Case, which had been conceal'd till then. They went up above a thousand Steps, and at last came to a square Place cut in the Rock, but saw nothing there except a little Basket made of Rushes, that contain'd a leathern Purse, a Horn, such as Shepherds make use of to recall their stray'd Flocks, and a Girdle made of coarse Mohair. I can't say, said *Hiar-kan*, eldest of the Brothers, but our Father acted a very wise Part, not to be so very forward in communicating to us this Treasure; however, let us share it between us; so I'll take the *Girdle*. And I the *Horn*, said *Xamor* the second Son. The *Purse* then consequently falls to my Dividend, reply'd the youngest, who was call'd *Tangut*. As *Hiar-kan* was unfolding his Girdle, a little Scroll dropt from it, wherein he read these Words: *What Part of the World wilt thou be transported to?* The other two, being curious to know whether they should find any such Writings enclos'd in what they had, immediately examin'd; one his Horn, and the other his Purse. *Xamor* found such another, which imported: *What Number of Forces dost thou wish to command?*



command? And the youngest drew one equally from his Purse, which said: *What Sum of Money hast thou need of?* If nothing oppos'd our being obey'd, cry'd they all together, but wishing, how happy were our Conditions now! It's very easy, said *Tangut*, to verify these Prodigies, by my making the first Experiment. Then he shut his Purse, and said: I have occasion for a thousand Pieces of Gold. That Instant, the Purse swell'd, and grew so heavy, that it dropt out of his Hands. He open'd it upon the Ground, empty'd it, and told over the very Sum he had just before call'd for. Imagine the Joy the Brothers conceiv'd at this Spectacle. *Aboucaf* could not participate of it, because he had just expir'd, as they got home again. After this good Prince's Obsequies were over, the Ceremony having been perform'd in a Manner suitable to his Rank, they all agreed to conceal the Secret, and to quit their barren Countrey in Quest of more fruitful Climates. *Hiarkan* and *Xamor* were the first that began their Progress; but I shall omit relating the Particularities of their Adventures, tho' I am perfectly acquainted with them, and only observe to you, that the very Year of their Departure, they founded the two Kingdoms and Cities, which bear their Names \* to this Day; my Design being to confine myself to what befel *Tangut*.

He set forward, directing his Course towards

\* The Kingdom of *Hiarkan* is bounded on the North, by Mount Magog; on the South, by Mount Caucasus; on the East by the Kingdom of *Xamor*; and on the West, by the lesser Thibet and *Giagatai*. The Kingdom of *Xamor* is bounded on the North, by the Tartarian *Kalmuks*; on the South, by the Kingdom of *Belor*, and the greater Thibet; on the East, by that Part of Tartary, subject to the Emperor of China; and on the West, by the Kingdom of *Hiarkan*.



the *South*, and after having travell'd a long Time, came at last to the spacious City of *Kemmerouf*, Metropolitan of the Kingdom of *Affan*. The Situation of that Place pleasing him extreamly well, he determin'd to stay there a considerable Time, and therefore made use of his Purse, to provide himself an Equipage, becoming the Rank of a great Prince. The prodigious Expence he was at, and the Richness of his Attendants, soon made him distinguish'd at Court. Nothing was talk'd of now at Sultan *Fadbel's* Levee (for so was the King of *Affan* call'd) but the great Generosity of *Tangut*. The *Emirs* not only courted his Friendship, but likewise his simple Acquaintance. The Ladies invented a thousand Stratagems to rival each other's Views; for Youth, Beauty, and an Affluence of Fortune, Perfections seldom found together, were all united in his Person. *Tangut* made Professions of Esteem to all the Beauties of *Kemmerouf*, tho' in his Soul, he despis'd such as were too flexible to them. The Charms of the haughty *Dogandar*, only Daughter to the Sultan, were alone capable of triumphing over his Heart. He did more for her in vain, than would have ruin'd the great *Kan*, and impoverish'd the Emperor of *China*. The Sultan and Sultanes, pleas'd with the constant Affiduity of this generous and opulent Stranger, and not doubting but he was of an illustrious Descent, order'd the Princess, at last, to receive him with less Disdain, and at least out of Gratitude, to listen to his respectful Addresses. *Dogandar*, upon this Reproof, immediately chang'd her Conduct, and affected a beseeching Air of Tenderness, which the Sultan took for a Mark of Obedience, and *Tangut* for the greatest Proofs of Love; but they were both ignorant of

of the Motive that induc'd her to behave after such a Manner.

One Evening, after some few Expressions of her pretended Passion, she took Occasion to speak thus to her Lover: I have Reason to doubt the Sincerity of your Affection, since I'm still a Stranger to the Monarch that gave you Birth. The inexhaustible Treasure of your Mind speaks you a great Prince, but that's what the very Dregs of the People can distinguish as well as I: Is not it therefore the more surprising I should not know you better than the Commonalty? No, it is plain you cannot love me, and behave with such Reserve. But supposing it were so; what would not I then study to revenge the Mystery, that has so much disturb'd my Peace of Mind? These last Words being pronounc'd with an Air of Passion, the transported *Tangut* began to be terrify'd at them. Alas! Madam, cry'd he, what have I done, that you accuse and condemn me at the same Time? Let me know my Crime, that I may strive to amend it. What have I kept as a Secret from you? It is true, you were in the Right to judge of my Birth by the Appearance I make; for to my Father I owe the Source of it, as thro' his Means I came by the Purse, I now always carry about me. Can it be possible, resum'd *Dogandar*, readily changing her Accent, that all the Riches you squander away, should only proceed from a Purse so easily carry'd? Oh! it can't be! you still continue to deceive me! Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I'll instantly convince you of it by Experience. Upon which he drew forth his Purse, open'd it several Times, and as many laid the golden Product at the young Princess's Feet. *Dogandar*, seiz'd with an insatiable Desire of becoming Mistress of such an admirable Purse, made Answer,

swer, she would not believe her own Eyes, unless she had first made the agreeable Proof of it herself. In so saying, she snatch'd it out of *Tangut's* Hands, as it were in a Jest, hid it in her Bosom, ran away with it, and shut five or six Doors after her. Whilst he thought his Charmer only did it out of Diversion, he waited her Return with all the Patience such an Accident would Cause, that was done without Design; but when the Eunuch told him roughly to withdraw, by *Dogander's* Orders, he began to foresee his approaching Misfortune. The next Day, and a great many Days after, he repair'd to the Sultan's, but with the same Impossibility of speaking to the Princess. He saw her, indeed, once or twice, and she likewise cast her Eyes upon him, but with this Difference; they were before engaging and full of Tenderness, now as cool and full of Contempt. Never was Trouble and Vexation equal to *Tangut's*: His Affection for her detain'd him, and his Impossibility to support the daily Expence he was at, compell'd him to depart. After a great Struggle with himself, he resolv'd at last the more willingly on the latter, as his Disease was not incurable, if one of his Brothers would but assist him in it.

He left *Kemmerouf* without the least Formality, and travell'd till he reach'd *Xamor*, whom he hop'd to have more Influence over than *Hiarkan*. Brother, said he, the greatest of Misfortunes has befallen me; an unworthy beautiful Princess has robb'd me of my Purse. Let me entreat you therefore to lend me your Horn, that I may go incessantly and make her restore it. *Xamor* was very much surpriz'd and troubled at his Loss; however, after some Reproaches, which were rather the Effects of Love than Marks of Indignation,

tion, he granted his Brother the Favour he demanded.

*Tangut*, possess'd of the Horn, made the best of his Way towards *Kemmerouf*, fully bent on besieging it, at his Arrival there. When he came within Cannon-Shot of the Town, he sounded his Horn six Times, when fifty thousand Men block'd up each of the six Gates thereof. These Men were both stout and hardy, perfectly well arm'd, and distributed into Companies, Regiments and Brigades, all under the Conduct of prudent and intrepid Commanders. Neither Provision, Ammunition, nor any other Machines, useful to gain a Siege, were wanting. Whilst strong Detachments of Horse forag'd and laid the Countrey waste, the Foot play'd upon and undermin'd the Fortifications. *Fadbel*, and the Inhabitants of *Kemmerouf*, finding themselves attack'd by so formidable an Enemy, without knowing who they were, whence they came, or what Pretensions they made, were fill'd with the utmost Consternation. Several Spies were sent into their Camp, but all taken. They try'd likewise to repulse the Assiegeants, by showering down great Stones upon them, and making vigorous Sallies but in vain. They soon found what invulnerable Soldiers they had to deal with ; and the Sultan perceiv'd he must either resolve to perish, or implore the Clemency of an Enemy he was a Stranger to. He look'd upon the last Task to be the least Insupportable, therefore summon'd his Family and Court, in order to throw themselves at the Feet of the Conqueror. As soon as they were out of the Gate of the Town, a strong Guard conducted them to *Tangut's* Tent, before whom the King fell prostrate, with his Attendance, and did not dare to lift up his Eyes.

I can't



I can't tell, mighty Lord ! said he, sighing, whether you are Man, or something more ; but certain it is, that I have provok'd your Indignation, since I feel the terrible Effects of it. Whether you are resolv'd to pursue the Dictates of your Wrath, or that you have fix'd some Bounds to it, I hope you will not disapprove the humble Step I have taken to appease it. Pronounce, powerful Lord ! the Sentence of our Deaths, or pardon us the Crimes, we have offended you in : Here we lie at your Mercy, and ready to undergo what you shall think proper to inflict on us. Should we be treated as Criminals, may we beseech you to let us know, wherein we have had the Misfortune to fall under your Displeasure.

Whilst the Sultan spoke, his Attendance were all in Tears, with their Eyes bent downwards, except the charming *Dogandar's*, who tho' she cry'd like the rest, could not forbear now and then giving a Glance at *Tangut*. She remember'd him again, which fill'd her with fresh Courage and Hope. *Tangut's* Eyes equally met her's, and could not resist taking their former Impression. His Heart throbb'd, and was again melted into Tendernefs; infomuch, that the small Remains of Anger and Revenge he had left, was a Burthen to him, and only serv'd to change his Countenance. He rais'd the Sultan from the Ground, saying, he would soon clear up the Resentment requir'd, and then suddenly withdrew again, to conceal the Confusion he was in, and consult with himself what he had best say or do in that nice Point. In vain were all his Consultations: Whenever he study'd what Measures to take in his own Justification, Love, whose Power he felt anew, still had the upper Hand, and persuaded him to accommodate the Slights and Injuries his Charmer had

had shewn him. In that View, he invited the Sultan, the Princesses, and the Chief of the-Emirs to dine with him. *Dogandar* was not the only Person then that knew him again, still no body durst seem to own it.

The Princess, having more Resolution than the rest, ventur'd, at last, to speak to him, in the following Manner. If it might be presum'd, my Lord, to declare our Thoughts freely, I'm positive we should find it no hard Task to convince you your Anger is unjust. Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, I know no body less Capable of such an Undertaking than yourself. These Words were pronounc'd with such Timidity and Faintness of Speech, that the penetrating Princess easily perceiv'd she still commanded Awe; and taking Advantage of the happy Discovery, said: Tho' you are so much prejudic'd, as to imagine me in particular incapable of making good the Assertion, yet none but myself shall prove, that you have resented as heinous, what I only meant as an innocent Piece of Raillery; and look'd upon my Conduct as insulting, when 'twas only design'd as a Tryal of your Constancy. Had I in the least thought you so violent in your Nature, I should have behav'd with more Circumspection. You gave me Protestations of your Love, and I was willing to convince myself of the Sincerity of them, by a harmless Method, that even you were the Author of; but alas! how Fatal has it prov'd! The Moment after, you abandon'd me, and was heard of no more, till you appear'd Sword in Hand ready to sacrifice me. How could I foresee so sudden a Departure, or expect so cruel a Return? Confess then, my Lord, my Innocence, and blame the Impulse of your own Passion.

*Tangut*

*Tangut* remaining speechless at these Words, *Fadbel* broke Silence, and after having blam'd his Daughters Imprudence, and entirely disapprov'd her want of Conduct, concluded his Reproofs, saying: Prince, If my inconsiderate Daughter still deserves any Place in your Affections, to morrow she's yours. Why, interrupted the Sultaneſs, ſhould an Affair of ſuch Conſequence be deferr'd ſo long? This Moment, therefore, I diſpoſe of my Daughter to the brave *Tangut*; let him accompany us, and give Peace to his own Subjects. This was too agreeable an offer for the Son of *Aboucaſ* to reſuſe. He readily condeſcended to attend them into *Kemmerouſ*, but conditionally, that he ſhould be guarded by ſuch Perſons as he thought proper to pitch on, and remain likewiſe Maſter of one of the Gates of the Town. The Terror of the Inhabitants ſoon chang'd into an univerſal Joy, at the Sight of *Tangut*. He ſometimes entertain'd himſelf familiarly with the Sultan, and ſometimes with the Princeſſes; and always had the Precaution not to ſhew the leaſt Sign of Anger on his Countenance. He now became Thoughtleſs of what was paſt, and was capable of no Reflection, but the pleaſing Idea of poſſeſſing the charming *Dogandar*. The Sultan entertain'd him with the utmoſt Magnificence, at Supper that Night, in a Garden, where all the Trees were burthen'd with Flambeaux, which gave as much Light as at noon Day.

After Supper, *Dogandar* join'd *Tangut*, and led him ſome Diſtance from the Company. We are in a Place now, ſaid ſhe, where we may diſcourſe without Reſtraint. How happy do I think myſelf, in being bleſſ'd with a Lover and Spouſe, who is the moſt powerful Prince in the Univerſe! I am ſo much amaz'd at your ſecond ſurpriſing

H

Expe-



Expedition, that I'm not yet recover'd from the Astonishment. No Potentate whatever can carry on a War without Money; the Source of your Treasure I am in Possession of; notwithstanding which, you have found Means to raise an Army, able to give Laws to the whole World. What's more amazing still, your March was so sudden, and so well regulated, that we were surpriz'd and attack'd, before we dreamt any thing of the Matter. I shall say nothing of your Soldiers, who kill and cannot be kill'd. For my part, that's a Mystery beyond my Comprehension; but durst I hope any thing from your Complaisance, I would extend my Curiosity much farther. She spoke that with such a tender beseeching Air, a Softness she was Mistress of at Pleasure, that he was incapable of the least Reflection, and drew forthwith the Horn out of his Pocket, saying: Madam, I might justly be term'd one of the most ungrateful Monsters upon Earth, were I to keep you any longer in an irksome Suspence. By this Instrument alone, I have found the Army you now see, and had I occasion for a Million more, it would equally produce them. The Moment I found it, and mention the Number of Forces I require, that very Instant I am obey'd. It is incredible sure, cry'd the artful Princess; how do I feel my Admiration and Curiosity augment! For Heavens sake, let me try if this miraculous Horn will be as efficacious when I blow it. In speaking these Words, she very dexterously took it from him, and retir'd five or six Paces, in a toying Manner; then she put it to her Mouth, and demanded a hundred thousand Men. In an Instant, the Town, Palace, and even Garden, were full of new-raisd Soldiers. Those belonging to *Tangut* disappear'd, because the Enchantment was such, that the Effect produc'd



duc'd by a second Person, destroy'd the Work of the first. It was as much as this unhappy Lover could do, to prevent the Orders taking Place, his Mistress had given to seize him. He left the Garden immediately, and by the Favour of the Night, made his Escape out of the nearest Gate he came to.

When he got some Distance from the Town, he curs'd his bad Fate, and abhorr'd his own Complaisance, with the Perfidy of *Dogandar*. The Dread of being taken made him not cease traveling, 'till he was in a Place of Surety. When he thought himself past Danger, and had Time to reflect more seriously on his Misfortunes, and how to remedy them, he conceiv'd nothing but one expedient to be depended on; which was in procuring his eldest Brother's Girdle. But alas! he despair'd surmounting so difficult a Point; and not only dreaded a Refusal, but likewise ill Treatment from him; for *Hiarkan* was of a hasty proud Temper, ill-natur'd, and unwilling to do good Offices: However, he resolv'd to put him to the Trial, whatever should be the Event of it.

Having reach'd *Hiarkan's* House, and knowing his Foible, he immediately threw himself at his Feet, with Tears in his Eyes, and said: Would to God, dear Brother, I had follow'd your prudent Counsel. You have ever treated me with the Tenderness of a Father; how unhappy am I then not to have return'd the dutiful Obedience of a Child! There's, dear Brother, my chief Failing, and the Source whence springs all my Mis-carriages; for tho' the Loss of my Purse, and *Xam-mor's* Horn, justly reproach me with all that's criminal and stupid, yet such Losses, to weigh them duly, are only the Consequences of my want of Adherence to your Advice. Tell me, gene-

rous *Hiarkan*, what Sorrow is capable to expiate my Crime? If such will not suffice, name my Punishment; but don't refuse, I beseech you, the only Succour left to retrieve the Honour of a Family, bless'd by your being the Supporter of it. When I entreat you to lend me your Girdle, I am in hopes three Motives will engage you to grant the Request, which can only restore what I have been robb'd of. How great would the Happiness be, after that, if I might be suffer'd to pass the rest of my Days along with you, and endeavour to edify as much by the many Precedents of Prudence and Wisdom, you will not fail to set before me, as hitherto I have been blindly Remiss in emulating them.

*Hiarkan* stood immoveable as a Statue, and did not seem in the least touch'd at his Brother's Tears and penitent Declarations; but, on the contrary, this Insensibility was succeeded by so violent a Passion, that poor *Tangut* thought himself absolutely lost; yet was it to that Hurry and Confusion of Spirit he ow'd his Safety; for the Rage of *Hiarkan* being evaporated, he reproach'd himself with having been too severe, and at last granted him the Girdle. *Tangut* had no sooner put it on, than he wish'd to be in a *Mosque* at *Kemmerouf*, and immediately was transported thither. He conceal'd himself there till after Midnight, and then, every Body being in a profound Sleep, he nam'd the Chamber of his Mistress, and as quick as thought was in it. When approaching her Bed, *Tangut* beheld her in all the native Charms of sleeping Beauty, the Indignation he had conceiv'd against her, was in great Danger of being converted into a Desire altogether the Reverse. Not all the gross Impositions *Dogandar* had

had been guilty of, were capable of stifling the Love he bore her: Ah *Hiarkan*, said he to himself, were you in my Place! But, recollecting that he had been twice deceiv'd by her, and that it was the last Stake he had now to manage, he became ashamed of his great Weakness, and flung open the Curtains, throwing down a Table which happen'd to stand near them.

The beautiful *Dogandar*, startling, waked in the utmost Terror, and without daring to open her Eyes, demanded the Occasion of that great Noise? A Lover, replied *Tangut*, injured by your Artifices, is to come to shew how much is yet in his Power to do for Vengeance and Redress: He still, however, retains too much Generosity to execute the one, provided you offer him the other. It is *Tangut* speaks, continued he, deliver me instantly therefore the *Purse* and *Horn* you have defrauded me of, for I have but a Moment to stay in your Apartment. The Voice and Name of this too easy *enamorado* dispelled great part of the Fear *Dogandar* had been in. She presently found in what Manner it was best for her to behave; so looking on him with a Languishment, she knew well how to assume, replied; I might have imagined, none but you were capable of surprising People thus. I do not resent the Miracles you perform, were they to happen every Day; but indeed, methinks you might contrive a more seasonable Hour for their Operation, than the very Minute I was drowned in Repose. Let me know, I intreat you, the Cause of this new Transport: I cannot tell whether it is a Dream, what I have heard you say just now, or no; but it is certain, I am strangely amazed at such extraordinary Language.



She leaned on her Elbow in a careless Posture, while she was speaking, and two perfum'd Tapers casting their Lights directly on her Face and Neck, disclos'd to the admiring Eye Ten thousand Charms, which the Formalities of Dress conceal'd. *Tangut* had never beheld her in this enchanting Negligence, and was ravish'd anew with the Pleasure it gave him. All his Anger and Resentment vanish'd, and Love alone had the Possession of his Soul; Pardon, Madam, said he, with a Voice trembling between Hope and Despair, the Presumption of a Lover, who only intreats, with the greatest Respect, to know why you have twice deceiv'd his longing Expectations. Forbear to insult me, interrupted the Princess, nor keep at a Distance, which, if you lov'd indeed, must be painful to you. He obey'd her Commands and drew nearer, with what Joy at so unexpected a Condescension, it is very easy to imagine. Of what Deceit, continued she, do you accuse me? What mean you by Reproaches so unjust? Did I not justify my Behaviour concerning the *Purse*? And in Regard of the *Horn*, methinks it is your Interest to be silent, unless you would wish me to remember the most unworthy Action a Man could possibly be guilty of: It is you alas! have deceived me. I, Madam, cried *Tangut* hastily? Yes, replied *Dogandar*; did you not abandon me, at a Time when I had consented to all you wish'd, and by that Contempt, expos'd me to the Laughter of the whole Universe?

I rais'd a new Army, which oblig'd that of yours to disappear: Ah Prince, how weak a Cause was this for your forsaking me! Were not the Troops I call'd, as much yours as the *Horn*? Or to speak more justly, was not she, who innocently



cently made the Experiment of that wonderful Instrument, yours also?

This well dissembled Tenderness had such an Effect on the soft Disposition of *Tangut*, that he threw himself on his Knees, demanding Pardon, a second Time of the Princess; who immediately raised him, and looking on his Girdle, what new Mode have you brought us here? It seems, said she smiling, to be after the Manner of the *Hob-goblins*; but if it be, they are neither so rich, nor so ingenious as the Idea we conceive of them. This of yours is coarse, and meanly wrought, if I am not greatly mistaken; but draw near, that I may be farther convinced of it. *Dogandar* could never have thought of a happier Expedient to satisfy her Curiosity, in discovering this new Secret, than by the Questions she propos'd. Madam, answered *Tangut*, advancing towards her, I know not the Nation of the *Hob-goblins*, nor that a Girdle is one of their Habiliments; but am certain, mine is of an inestimable Price, and infinitely dear to me, since it has procured me the valuable Blessings I now enjoy. While he was speaking, the subtil Princess untied the Girdle, and drew it insensibly from him; saying, how got you hither then? Whence come you? And how much Time has your Journey taken you up? I have travelled, says he, more than three Hundred Leagues in one Instant: When this miraculous Girdle is bound about me, I but Name a City, and am transported immediately to it. But, Madam! What is it you are doing? I think you are robbing me of it. *Dogandar* had drawn as much of the Girdle from him, as went round her Waist, when he perceived the Fraud. Instead of answering him, she wish'd to be convey'd to the *Sultan's*

Chamber, and was readily obey'd. That Moment, *Fadbel* order'd his Guards to make diligent Search, which allarm'd the whole Palace. Happy it was now for *Tangut*, that his frequent Visits there, had brought him acquainted with the most private Avenues to it. A little Pair of Back-stairs happily afforded him with the Means of his Escape into the Streets, through which he ran, until he came to the Place in the Fortifications, somewhat out of Repair, and courageously jump'd down it. After he had a little taken Breath, and had Time to consider on his miserable Condition, he endeavour'd, not as formerly, to ease himself by bitter Complaints and Imprecations ; but delivered himself up with a kind of Tranquillity to Despair ; desiring now, no more than to dye.

To the West of *Kemmerouf*, there are many dreadful Mountains, which form a vast Desert, void of any Water, and so barren, that even Animals, accustomed to live on the most unfruitful Lands, durst not inhabit there. *Tangut* pursued his Way to it, in Hopes that there his Life and Misfortunes would find an End. He wandered all that Night, and the Day following, endeavouring to hasten his last Hour, by adding to Hunger, the most insupportable Fatigue a Mortal could undergo. Towards the Conclusion of Day, as he moved, tottering with Weakness, down the Declension of a Rock, he fell into a deep Swound ; and his Body, deprived of all Sense, rouled, for some Time, towards a Precipice, where this unhappy Prince must have been inevitably crush'd to Pieces, had not his Garments catch'd hold of the Branches of an old Fig-tree, which prevented his farther Fall.

This

This Tree might be called the Wonder of that solitary Wild ; no other green Thing being to be seen there. *Tangut's* Swoond was followed by a long Sleep, in which he continued till the next Day was far advanced. Having opened his Eyes, the first Object that he saw, was the Branch that held him. Perceiving the Fruit of it very lovely, he was tempted to taste of it : I have resolved to dye, said he to himself, therefore of what Importance will it be, if I defer my Death one Day longer ? Let me enjoy once more, the Pleasure of eating Figs, since Fortune has been so kind to offer it : I shall not be much the farther from Death. He raised himself with a great deal of Pain, and pulling to him the nearest Boughs, devoured all the Fruit he could gather from them, with an extreme Greediness. They were of such a pernicious Quality, that his Nose encreased a Foot long, every Fig he swallowed ; and though he felt the frightful Effect of it, yet his Appetite was so violent, that he did not discontinue eating, till his Stomach was quite full, and his Nose grown to so proposterous a Size, that with much ado, he disintangled it from the Branches of the Figg-tree.

While the Pleasure lasts, the Ills that succeed make little Impressions, but it is not the same afterwards. *Tangut*, who just before had defied Fortune to render him more miserable, now experienced, by what had befallen him, that his Misfortune was capable of Augmentation. Sure I was born, said he, under the most malignant Planet ! The other Woes I suffered were occasioned by my own Imprudence ; but what have I done to draw upon me this ? Oh let me fly so fatal a Tree, and its delusive Fruit, and not a Moment longer bear the shameful Load of Life !  
Then



Then he wrapp'd his Nose round his left Arm, and charged with his painful and ridiculous Burthen, pursued his wretched Way. His Strength was so much repaired by the Figs he had eaten, that he was enabled to travel with fresh Vigour, and before Sun-set, he arrived at a Valley, a considerable Distance from the Place he left. Being sat down on a Stone, he cast his Eyes, by Chance, towards a Hollow, where he perceived, though the Shade from the Rocks rendered it pretty obscure, a second Fig-Tree, laden with most beautiful Fruit. This Discovery, instead of pleasing him, gave him so much Pain, that had his Weariness permitted, he would have gone farther from an Object, which seemed to invite him yet once more, to prolong his Life and his Nose; but turned his Head another Way, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, Hunger tormented him anew, and he felt something within him dictate: Yesterday's Figs are now digested; what Harm will there be to taste these others, which present themselves? What can happen worse than thou hast already? And why shouldst thou resolve to avoid them? Will not this Valley serve thee for a Grave? Gather therefore, and eat of this delicious Fruit, till Death Approaches. This Inspiration induced him to draw nearer the Tree; and taking the End of his Nose in one Hand with the other, plucked a Fig, and put in his Mouth, which he had no sooner swallowed than the Extremity of his Nose slipped from his Hold, and shrunk a full Foot. A second Fig had the same Effect, and a third convinced him of the Virtue of this excellent Fruit, till by Degrees with an Infinity of Joy, he reduced it to its natural Proportion. Being thus happily recovered, he contrived

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trived a Stratagem for the Re-establishment of his Affairs, which succeeded perfectly well. He took out the linen Lining of his Turbant, and filled one Part of it with Figs of this last Quality; then returning with all Speed to the first Fig-tree, gathered also a great Number of them, which he tied up separately in the same Linen; and afterwards took the Road of *Kemmerouf*, where he arrived about Evening.

He lodged that Night with a poor Woman, who was ignorant of his Distinction. In the Morning, he besmeared his Face with Clay, put on the Habit of a Peasant, and having filled a little Basket with Figs of that Sort which lengthen the Nose, he covered them neatly over with Leaves, and passed several Times before the Palace of *Fadbel*. The chief of the Purveyors taking Notice of him, called and asked what he had to dispose of? They are little Mountain Figs, said the counterfeited Peasant. This is not the Season for Figs, replied an Officer, uncovering them, though these seem to be ripe: How do you sell them? Fruits growing upon Rocks are so much exposed to the Sun, said the Peasant, that they ripen sooner than others. He then proposed a Price, which being agreed to, *Tangut* removed his Quarters, dressed himself in the Habit of a Physician, put on a false Beard, and in this Disguise attended the Effect of his Figs.

The chief of the Purveyors had no sooner bought them, than he hasten'd directly to the *Sultaneſs* and Princess, who were drinking Coffee together. New Fruits! cry'd he, I present you with the first Figs of the Year. The Mother and Daughter ran to the Basket, and *Dogandar* seiz'd them with all the Eagerness imaginable, and went to the other Side of the Room to eat them  
with

with more Satisfaction. The Mother was the first that observ'd her Nose lengthen'd four Foot, after having eaten four Figs: The fifth she threw away half peel'd, and gave a Shriek, which oblig'd *Dogandar* to turn her Head. Oh what a Nose, Madam! cry'd she. Oh my Daughter! said the *Sultaneſs*, looking on her, we are lost! Upon this they flew both to the Looking-glass, which but too faithfully represented them such as they were. Who can expreſs the different Paſſions which then agitated their Hearts? The great Noiſe they made, brought all the Ladies of the Palace thither; likewise the *Sultan*, the *Grand Viſir*, the chief of the *Eunuchs*, and ſeveral *Emirs*. *Fadhel* was in the utmoſt Conſternation, but becauſe he would not augment the Affliction of his Wife and Daughter, he told them that the Accident which had befall'n them, could be no other than an Illuſion; and ſhould it prove even real, it would be eaſie for him. to find out Phyſicians, to apply a ſpeedy Remedy.

The moſt ſkilful Phyſicians in the Kingdom of *Aſſen* were immediately aſſembled to conſult on the Diſeaſe of the two Princeſſes. After a long and ineffectual Debate touching the Cauſe of it, they came to a Concluſion, that thoſe fleſhy Subſtances, a Caſe they never read of, might, indeed, be cut off without any Danger, but then there would always remain a viſible Deformity in the middle of the Face, eſpecially in the Princeſſes's, becauſe ſhe had been more greedy than the *Sultaneſs*, and conſequently the Baſe of her Nose amplify'd in proportion to the Length of it. The Reſult of this Deliberation threw *Dogandar* and her Mother almoſt into Deſpair, and made them reſolv'd to live conceal'd from View in their Apartments. The Noiſe of this Miſfortune with  
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the Decision of the Physicians soon spread itself through the Town, and so undoubtedly reach'd *Tangut's* Ears, who was waiting impatiently for the News of it.

He address'd the *Sultan* in Quality of a strange Physician, requesting to give his Opinion in so nice a Point, and made him hope every Thing from his long Experience in the Knowledge he had of Simples. *Fadbel* accepted his Offers, and led him into the Lady's Apartment. The pretended Physician felt their Pulses and examined their Noses, then changing the Tone of his Voice, My Queens said he, with a grave and deliberate Air, you resemble Elephants. If there be in Art, any Means to take away the Trunk of an Elephant without cutting it off, the same Recipe would serve to cure you. Such a one I'm convinc'd there is, and believe myself the only Person in the World, Master of the Secret, for I've try'd the Experiment on one of the largest Elephants in the Kingdom of *Pegu*, with Success. But before I undertake so great a Task, I must inform you, that an Elephant is of a quiet, tractable Disposition, which contributes greatly to the Operation of the Remedies we apply; so consequently what I shall prescribe will not have its due Effect on you, without the Humours of your Bodies be in an equal Balance.

After he had made this fine Speech, which he had study'd on purpose to give a Gloss to his Design. *Fadbel* committed the Care of the Princesses intirely to his Management, and assign'd him an Appartment in the Palace, that he might be near them. During eight Days, he made them take only simple Medicines, giving them uncommon Names, to inspire the greater Idea of his Skill. These Remedies having reduc'd, as he  
said,



said, the Temperament of the *Sultaneſs* to a juſt Equality, which was abſolutely neceſſary for her Cure, he made her withdraw into her Cloſet, where, having ſhut up all the Windows, he put into her Mouth four good Figs, one after another. She had no ſooner ſwallow'd them, than he ſaid, Madam, you are now cured. Putting her Hand to her Noſe, and finding the Truth of what he ſaid, ſhe was ſo transported, that ſhe left the Phyſician, and ran to ſhew her Daughter, who waited with Impatience the Iſſue of the Operation. *Dogandar* beholding the *Sultaneſs* perfectly reſtor'd, imbrac'd her with Tears of Joy; then conjur'd the Phyſician, with liſted Hands, not to delay affording her the ſame Proof of his great Art. *Tangut* coldly reply'd, he wiſh'd her Conſtitution was as good as her Mothers. He examin'd her Pulſe ſeveral Times, then ſhook his Head, and aſſum'd a Look, which ſeem'd to prognosticate ſo little Succeſs, that *Dogandar* trembled at her very Soul. After theſe Ceremonies, he declar'd plainly, that her Diſeaſe was incurable, and deſir'd Permiſſion to retire, as being incapable of doing her any Service. The *Sultan* and *Sultaneſs*, coming into the Room when this Deciſion was pronounc'd, were extreemly troubled at it. They ſollicited the Phyſician to continue his Preparations for the Patient, but their Perſuaſions being vain, they entreated him however to ſtay ſome time at Court, which he condeſcended to with a ſeeming Reluctance.

*Dogandar* paſs'd her Nights and Days in Tears: Of what Uſe to me, at preſent, cry'd ſhe, are all the Advantages I have receiv'd from Nature and from Fortune? Alas! theſe regular Features, theſe Eyes ſo full of Life and Fire, the delicate Bloom of this Complexion, this finiſh'd Beauty, for which I have been ſo juſtly celebrated, only ſerve



now to make my Deformity more insupportable! Was there on Earth a Princess more happy than myself, before this dreadful Misfortune befel me, and which will soon put an End to my Life? But this Reflection only redoubles my Sorrow: The inexhaustible *Purse*, the formidable *Horn*, and the miraculous *Girdle*, ill become the Possession of a Monster. One Afternoon, as *Tangut* was going to visit this Inconsolable, he heard her exclaim much after this same Manner, which he look'd upon to be the happy Occasion of recovering all he had lost.

Fully bent on making a proper Use of it, he enter'd her Chamber, without seeming to have heard any thing, and saluted his Royal Patient as usual. What! said she, sighing, is it possible you have condemn'd me to remain all my Life as I am? Have Compassion on me, I implore you! Make, at least, one more Tryal. Doubt you of being sufficiently recompens'd? If the Treasures of my Father seem too little, the unfortunate Princess, who speaks to you, can herself make you Presents, which will oblige you to confess, never Physician was better satisfied.

Interest, Madam, reply'd *Tangut*, has never been the Motive of my Actions; my only Aim is Glory. As Conquerors and Kings render themselves famous, not only for their great Exploits, but also for their Magnificence and good Offices, so in my Profession, were it possible for me to pass in a Moment from one Extremity of the World to another, I should soon make my Name the universal Theme, in restoring Health to the illustrious Dispos'd of all Nations.

Restore me the Beauty I have lost, resumed *Dogandar*, I will put you in a Condition to obtain greater Conquests, and bestow more Liberalities,

ties, than King or Conqueror ever did. Not shall that be all; I will give you the Means to transport yourself to any Part you wish to be at, with so much Swiftneſs, that the Flight of Birds ſhall be ſlow in Compariſon with it. *Tangut*, whoſe Miſfortunes had made him wiſe, affected a great Aſtoniſhment at theſe Propoſals. Madam, ſaid he, ſmiling, we readily promiſe every thing, and even Impoſſibilities, in Hopes of compaſſing what we ſtrongly wiſh for. My Promiſes are not of that Nature, interrupted *Dogandar*, as you ſhall be immediately convinced. Upon which, ſhe took out of her Cabinet, the *Purſe*, the *Horn* and *Girdle*, ſhew'd them to the Phyſician, and explain'd their ſeveral Virtues. Though he knew more of this Matter than ſhe, yet he appear'd incredulous to all ſhe ſaid, and even pretended to go away, as tired with liſtning to ſuch trifling Diſcourſe; inſomuch that the Princeſs was obliged to entreat him to carry the three Rarities Home with him, to make the Experiment. He put them in his Pocket, as in Compliance to her Requeſt; but having once more recover'd what he deſpair'd to ſee again, he reſolv'd not to defer the Concluſion of the Scene. Nothing depending on my Skill can retrieve your Miſfortune, ſaid he to the Princeſs; but ſince your Gratitude extends ſo far, you compel me to make Tryal even of Impoſſibilities: What can be done, you ſhall know within an Hour. Then he went and girt himſelf in order for his Departure.

Being return'd to the Princeſs with a certain Number of Medicinal Figs, and one of the ordinary Kind, which he laid apart, he conducted her to the Cabinet where her Mother was cured. She ſwallow'd as many of the Figs, as reduc'd her Noſe to the Measure of a Foot, and that being

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ing done, he felt her Pulse: Ah Madam! cry'd he, how fatal a Change is here, my Remedy operates no more! Continue applying it, reply'd the Princess. I shall, resum'd the Physician, but I wish my Art may deceive me: With these Words, he put into her Mouth the common Fig, which she swallow'd, without finding any Benefit by it. Grief inexpressible! horrible Addition to my Despair! Must I continue then, said she, with a Sigh, as if her Heart were bursting, must I continue then with the Nose of a Foot long? Yes, Madam, answer'd the Physician, 'tis *Tangut* who assures you of it: At the same time, he open'd the Windows, pluck'd off his false Beard, shew'd himself, and nam'd the City of *Hiarkan*, whither the Virtue of the Girdle transported him in a Moment. *Dogandar* wou'd have met Death with Pleasure at the Sight of that cruel Discovery, but she lived in spite of herself, even to an extream old Age, never being able to reconcile herself to the Deformity of her Nose. This Adventure of hers gave Rise to a Proverb, which to this Day is made use of throughout the East. As for Prince *Tangut*, after having restor'd his Brothers the *Horn* and *Girdle*, he settled himself in a fertile Countrey, and founded a very extensive and flourishing Kingdom<sup>a</sup>.

*Rouschen* express'd, in Terms full of Energy, the Pleasure this Story afforded her, and told me, I had now fully discharged my Obligation. As I was about to reply, *Almoraddin* prevented me, saying; Madam, this History is full of Wonders, but I ought to partake with *Abdalla*, the Applause you give it. I know not how the *Persian* inter-

<sup>a</sup> The Kingdom of *Tangut* is bounded on the North and East, by *Kara-Katai*; on the South, by the Kingdom of *Delor* and *China*; and on the West, by the Kingdom of *Zamor*.

preted these Words, but they very much astonish'd me; and as soon as we had taken Leave, I desired, with some Impatience, the Explanation of *Almoraddin*, who wore an Air of Discontent. He oblig'd me to repeat my Request several times before he answer'd: Cruel Friend! said he at last, am I not already sufficiently acquainted how miserable my Situation is? Must you call back the History of my past Misfortunes, make me see *Zulikbab*, in the Character of a perfidious Princess, and represent me three times unsuccessful in my Aim, that all the little Hope I had left might be totally extinguish'd? Do you imagine then, reply'd I, that the History I have been relating, was of my own Composition? No, dear *Almoraddin*! it is not; I swear to you by the black Stone <sup>b</sup> at *Mecca*, by the Wells of *Zem-Zem* <sup>c</sup>, and by the Tomb of the Prophet. Read the Annals of the Kingdom of *Kachemire*, and you will there find this History, for 'twas from thence I took it. To conclude, I hope you will not long resemble *Tangut*, for you must not flatter yourself with finding so easy a Resource as that of the Fig-Trees. After this, I embrac'd him tenderly, for though want of Learning made him liable to little Mistakes, yet he was soon convinc'd of his Error.

When our Vessel was ready to put to Sea, we took our Leaves of *Rouschen*. Little *Loulou*, tho' very much taken up in running after a Monkey, came quite out of Breath to receive likewise our Compliments, which she return'd with one of her Stories. Perceiving she had over-heated herself

<sup>b</sup> A Stone very much respected in the Temple of Mecca, built by Abraham, according to Mahomet.

<sup>c</sup> Wells at Mecca, whose Waters come from the Source that God rais'd in Favour of Hagar and Ishmael, as the Mahometans say.

with her Diversion, and telling her, I thought a Monkey did not deserve she should incur the Danger of an Indisposition; she made answer, You advise me then to be less sprightly, I suppose: Certainly, cry'd I. And for my Part, resum'd she gaily, I would persuade you never to give your Advice, unless it was requir'd; especially when it relates to Monkeys, otherwise it will happen to you, as it did to a little Bird. And pray what befel that little Bird? said I. You will be instantly satisfied, reply'd *Loulou*.

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### *The Third Story of LOULOU.*

CERTAIN Monkeys, dwelling in a Wood, assembled together under a Tree to pass the Night there, it being the Beginning of the rainy Season, and very cold. Perceiving at a little Distance from them, the glittering of a Glow-worm, and believing it a Spark, or a live Coal, they cover'd it with dry Leaves and Wood, and began to blow it one after another. There happening to be a Flock of Birds upon the Tree, who beheld all that pass'd, and laugh'd at their Simplicity; one of them more officious than the rest, charitably flew down to the Monkeys, designing to undeceive them, saying, The Pains I see you take in lighting the Fire in vain, gave me so much Uneasiness, that I could not forbear quitting the Branch I was sat upon, to acquaint you, that you only lose your Labour. But the kind Advice the little Bird gave the Monkeys was ill receiv'd, for one of them answer'd him with a great deal of Pride and Disdain: Prithee, Friend, who desiredst thee to meddle with our

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Affairs?



Affairs? It's a sign thou hast little else to do: Know, none but Fools advise, where Counsel is not ask'd: About thy Business and sleep therefore, and don't trouble thy Head with what regards us. The little Bird held his Peace for some time, then he began again to speak, and said, What you see shine is not Fire; it's Nature that gives the Reflexion which deceives you. If the Weakness of thy disorder'd Brain, reply'd the Monkey, hinders thee from sleeping, stop at least, thy impertinent Beak. The Simplicity of the little Bird was still so great, that instead of flying away, he added farther; Nothing's more certain than what I tell you concerning the Worm: Sure I ought to know him, since I make so many Meals of his Kindred. He was in Hopes, by this way of Argument, to reduce the Monkeys, at last, to Reason, but he, who had already resented his Endeavours to convince them, not being able any longer to retain his Passion, flew upon the little Pratter and snapp'd him up. *Loulou* laugh'd heartily at the Conclusion of her Fable. You have made me a very apropos Answer, said I to her, and be assur'd, if ever I become a little Bird, I'll never speak, but when it tends to your Praise.

*The Continuation of the History of*  
ALMORADDIN.

AFTER our leaving *Calicut*, we sail'd with a favourable Gale, 'till we arriv'd off of *Ceilan*, where we met with such a strong North-East Wind in our Teeth, that we could not pursue our Voyage. This blowing Weather was succeeded



ceeded by a terrible Tempest, and continu'd so long, that all we could do, was to lay by, and abandon ourselves to the Mercy of the Waves. We were immediately toss'd into a Sea, where we spy'd out several Islands, without being able to make any one of them. After that, the Ocean still became more raging, insomuch that we saw nothing but Heaven and Water, during thirty Days. At the Expiration of which Time we perceiv'd a high Mountain, seeming, by the Distance we were from it, to come out of the Sea, and asked the Pilot if he knew it. I know it too well, answered he, not to advise you to avoid approaching such eminent Danger. It is an Island belonging to the *Div Feridoun*, one of the most capricious, blood-thirsty *Genii* ever was heard of. Pray relate to us, said I, what you know of this *Genius*.

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### *The Adventure of the PILOT's Father.*

THE Pilot gave a great Sigh, and said: My Father, who was a Pilot as well as I, coming one Day to Anchor, in a Creek of that Island, where the Wind blows now full in, went on Shoar with part of the Ship's Crew, to take in Wood and Water. *Feridoun* seeing them land, set up a Cry, like the Roaring of twenty Lyons in a Forest, and approaching them, said; you must expect nothing but Death, if all the Men of your Ship do not immediately present themselves before me: Let one of you therefore take the Boat, and signify to the rest my Pleasure. In Obedience to this Command, one of the Sailors was dispatched, while my Father and his

Companions, half stupified with Fear, remained Prisoners. Those on Board, hesitated for some Time, what they should best do ; but as they had now no Pilot, and the Men who accompanied my Father, were the only Persons, capable of succeeding him in that Office ; they resolved at last to share the same Fortune with their Ship-Mates. When they came in Presence of this *Genius*, he said to them ; Is there any among you desirous to ask me some Questions ? But no Body presuming to answer ; look towards Heaven, continued he, and extend your Arms. Then he lifted up his Hands to Heaven like an *Iman* in a Mosque ; and they imitated him. After some Moments Silence, the Mariners remaining in the same Posture, he pronounced, in Appearance these Words with great Devotion : *Praise be to God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Light and Darknesh. Those who believe not in their Lord, go astray. It is he that created me of the Flame of the Fire, and you of the Mudd of the Earth.* As he was finishing this Act of Religion, he stretched forth his Hand, seizing my Father's Throat, and strangled him. Ten Men of the Company, the first he came at, expired the same Way, between his Fingers ; then, he said to the rest, Praise God, and make use of all my Island affords. After that, he retired to the Summet of the Mountain, where they heard him make most lamentable Howlings.

We asked the Pilot if the Island was inhabited, and if all those who went on shoar there, met with the same fatal Treatment. The rest of the Ship's Company that escaped when my Father was killed, answered he, give an Account of some *Santons* they had seen there at a Distance from them. For my Part, I must own I have met

People

People in the Course of my Voyages, that have spoken much in the Praise of *Feridoun*, and said, that he had not only supplied them with Wood, Water, Wild-Fowl and Fruits; but likewise answered the Questions they proposed, and revealed to them divers Secrets.

The Wind being now much fallen, and the Sea no longer terrible by its Agitation, *Almoraddin* and I beheld each other, possessed, as it were, with an equal Desire of consulting *Feridoun*. We ordered the Lead-Line to be thrown, and finding good Anchorage, we animated the Pilot with the rest of the Sailors, got into our Boat with a Pair of Oars, and landed behind a little Rock. We found the Island quite covered with Trees, and after having travelled some Time, without meeting any living Soul, except a few *Antilopes* and a prodigious Number of *Mice*, who were not at all frightened at our Approach, we came, at last to a Hut, in the Middle of a little Garden, inclosed with Bamboos. The great Noise we made, caused the Inhabitant of it to appear, who was a *Santon*. He made towards us with an affable Countenance, and invited us to visit his Habitation, saying; Praise be to God; you are welcome to the Island of the best of *Genii*. Reverend Father, said I to him, I find then you are acquainted with the Perfections of *Feridoun*. For our Parts, we are very apprehensive of him; may we therefore, entreat you to succour us by your Advice. We then, recounted to him what the Pilot had just been telling us; but added we, it is not very probable, that *Feridoun*, who acknowledges God, would stain his Hands in Blood, without a justifiable Cause. Are ye *Musfulmen*, said the *Santon*? Yes, Reverend Father, answered we, though great Sinners. And are the

People aboard your Ship *Mussulmen* likewise, resumed he? We believe so, replied we. Fear nothing then, said the *Santon*. Remain with me to Night; I will introduce you to this *Genius* Tomorrow, who is at present on the other Side of the Mountain. The frugal Entertainment this good *Santon* treated us with, was more satisfactory than the sumptuous Banquets of the most voluptuous *Omerabs*. Seated on *Antilopes* Skins, we feasted on delicious Fruit, preserved in Cotten, some other dry Fruit, and fresh *Coco* Nuts, whose Liquor quenched Thirst, and enlivened us.

During Supper, our Host entertained us with a Description of the Character and Manners of this *Genius*. He told us, he was one of the most zealous and rigid *Mussulmen* of his Nation; that he bore such an irreconcilable Aversion to the Adorers of Fire, and other Idolators, that he directly put them to Death, the Moment they came in his Way; that he discerned them by some infectious Smell, or otherwise; and that our Pilot's Father, with those who suffered with him, must undoubtedly have been *Magicians*, though they pretended to be the Reverse. He asserted therefore, that *Feridoun* was neither madly Cruel, nor vainly Capricious, but possessed of an inspired Zeal. Pray do you know, interrupted I, what kind of *Genius* he is, and why he grieves so excessively? There cannot be a more dangerous Question proposed here, replied the *Santon*, than your first: God preserve us from enlarging on it. As for the second, I will answer it with Pleasure, in all its Branches. *Feridoun* likes I should examine that Subject extensively; so what I have to say on it, will serve as an Amusement for you, till Bed-time,



*The History of the Gyant HARDOUN,  
and the beautiful NOUR : As also,  
that of the GENIUS FERIDOUN,  
and the Princess CHEROUDAH.*

**T**HIS Island, pursued he, is pretty large, and was formerly very well inhabited. I shall omit entering upon the Original of its Inhabitants, and only observe that they lived without Ambition, or Distinction of Ranks. Those Families allied to each other, formed a kind of City, in the Middle, without Walls. Every one followed what most suited his Inclination : Some cultivated Rice and large Millet in the Fields ; others employed themselves in drawing what was useful from the Coco-Trees, whose Product you are not unacquainted with. The Diversion young People usually took, was in hunting *Antilopes* in the Woods ; an Animal so fearful, that even young Maids did not dread going in Pursuit of it.

*Nour*, the most beautiful Huntress of all the Island, had, as it were, appropriated to herself, one Side of a high Mountain, pretty near the City. She was seen every Morning, repairing to her Sport, armed with her Bow and Quiver ; and as she greatly affected Solitude, went commonly alone. Reposing herself one Day, after the Fatigue of her Diversion, under the Shade of some Trees, which the Wind wafted with a delightful Breeze ; she heard on one Side of her a sudden Noise, and presently saw a Man approach, of an immeasurable Size. As he came near, he had nothing in him disagreeable ; he was young, his Air rather polite than savage, his Hair of a Chesnut Colour, naturally curling, and of such

such a Length, that it flowed in careless Ringlets o'er his Shoulders. Under his Arm, he held a Cedar, stript of its Branches, which serv'd him either for Support or Defence, as Occasion required. This prodigious Man stood for some Minutes, contemplating the Beauties of *Nour*; then without speaking, came and placed himself near her, who was almost dead with Apprehension. What unkind Destiny, said she, recovering her Spirits as well as she was able, has condemned me to find a Grave in thy rapacious Entrails? Blame not the Destiny which conducted you hither, replied the Giant, nor suspect me guilty of Cruelty. If one of us must be accused, you will certainly find the most difficult Task, in justifying yourself; I have done nothing but languish since I first beheld you, yet durst not till this Moment, appear before you, lest I should terrify what I wish only to please: My humble Love contented itself with contemplating you unseen. How was I Yesterday enchanted! How much did I envy the Happiness of that River, whose murmuring Streams are heard from hence! *Nour* blush'd at these last Words, because the Day before she had been bathing there, without any Precaution, believing herself unobserved. I say nothing which ought to give you Trouble, continued the Giant; banish therefore the ill-grounded Fear, with which you are seized. If the Largeness of my Body surprises you, you will find a Justness of Proportion, in which true Beauty consists; besides I may flatter myself to boast a Birth, not unworthy your Regard.

My Name is *Hardoun*, Son of the Great *Genius Feridoun*, and the Princess *Cheroudah*, Daughter of Sultan *Raz-Andaz*, King of the Hundred Islands, and Chief of all the *Eastern Sages*. All these

these Islands were at first, no more than barren Rocks, but by his Enchantments were rendered fertile, and made so many little Kingdoms. In each Island there is a City, large and well-peopled; in each City a magnificent Palace, in each Palace, a Throne of Gold; and on each Throne, a Statue of *Raz-Andaz*, majestically seated, who spoke, before whom Causes were tryed, and who rendered an exact Justice to every one. The wise *Raz-Andaz*, instigated by a Caprice unworthy of him, made all these Enchantments depend on the Virginity of *Cberoudab*, his only Daughter, whom he guarded, for that Reason, with an inexpressible Care and Diligence, having shut himself up with her, in a Place inaccessible to Mankind.

*Feridoun*, falling in Love with this Princess, surprized her in Spight of her Father's Precaution, and found her condescending to his Desires of conveying her thence. The Enchantments of *Raz-Andaz* were no sooner broke, than they were immediately supplied by others of a superior Force, and *Cberoudab* enjoyed all the Charms of Love and Liberty with her faithful *Genius*. In me, you behold the only Fruit of their mutual Tenderneſs. I was about ten Years old, when one Day, *Feridoun* appearing very melancholy, my Grand-father pressed him to declare the Cause of his Trouble; it is yourself, without knowing it, answered he; you have pardoned my Temerity, but your Protectors are more inflexible. *Turascb*, King of the *Genii*, has condemned this Child to be a Wanderer, and forbid us to communicate any Part of our Sciences to him. This is the last Time you will perhaps ever see him. With these Words, he took me in his Arms, and disappearing, bore me to the Island *Subu*, where being arrived, my Son said he, with Tears in his Eyes, let



let not hard Labour dismay you ; nor regret the Pleasures of Enchantments ; follow Virtue, that your Glory may derive from yourself. By my Aid you will be enabled to go every where ; but expect no more, till the Indignation of *Turash* be over. He sigh'd, as he vanish'd from my Sight, and I remained a Companion for Tigers and wild Elephants, of whom I soon became the Terror. I ranged many Lands and Seas by my Father's Assistance, and restored the Tranquillity of divers Countries, laid waste by Monsters. The same generous Design brought me to these Parts, had there been any need of my Succour ; but alas ! I have lost that Repose, which I pretended to procure for others : And instead of acquiring a laudable Fame, I live concealed, lest I should be deprived of your Sight.

Here *Hardoun* ended his Recital, looking at *Nour* with a stedfast and melancholy Air ; then entertain'd her with a Song, which he had compos'd in her Praise. His Voice was so strong and melodious at the same Time, and interrupted now and then with the shrill Note of a large Pipe, that the piercing Sound silenc'd all the Birds in the adjacent Vallies. When he discontinu'd that Amusement, *Nour* acquainted him with her Name, and the Affairs of her Family ; after which, pretending to be charm'd with the Conquest she had made, she promis'd to repair there frequently, and gave him, as a Pledge of Friendship, one of her Arrows, which the Giant immediately fix'd in his Hair, just above his Forehead. *Nour* then took her Leave, resolving within herself, never to be expos'd to the like Adventure again. From that Day she kept at home, and *Hardoun* search'd her, but in vain, thro' all the Places she was accusom'd to delight in.

He



He suffer'd, during this Absence, all the Ills disappointed Love can inflict. Sometimes he imagin'd her Parents were the Cause of her Breach of Promise, and sometimes, that a fatal Indisposition, or other unhappy Accident had prevented her coming. Tir'd with a tedious Expectation, he resolv'd at last to go in Person to the City: So quitted the Mountain with the Cedar in his Hand, and his Breast cover'd with the Skin of a Lion. He was no sooner perceiv'd by the People, than all the Houses were close shut; and those who happen'd to be abroad, left off what they were about, to fly from him. *Hardoun* seeing them thus terrify'd, mended his Pace after the last, and seizing one, lifted him from the Ground, and threatned to throw him over the Mountain, if he did not shew him the House of *Nour*. The poor Man, already half crush'd to Death with the formidable Gripe, immediately comply'd. *Nour* was at that time embroidering a *Ser-apha*<sup>a</sup>, for *Scimdy*, a young Man, to whom her Parents had promis'd her in Marriage. As soon as she cast her Eyes on *Hardoun*, who had unhing'd the Doors, and enter'd the House, finding no way to escape him, she hid her Face with her Hands, and remain'd immoveable, expecting no other than immediate Death. But the Giant accosted her with so much Softness, that she was presently re-assur'd, and composing her Countenance as when she first saw him, again deceiv'd him into an Opinion of her Love, by alledging, that nothing but a long Indisposition had prevented her coming to the Mountain, and that she would be more punctual for the Future. The Giant now quite appeas'd, desir'd a Pledge

<sup>a</sup> A Kind of Vest.

of the Sincerity of what she promis'd. *Nour*, who thought only how to get rid of him, presented him with the *Ser-apha* she had been working. *Hardoun* fix'd it directly on his Shoulder, and pleas'd with the Shew it made, and the good Success of his little Journey, he betook himself joyfully to the Mountain.

The Inhabitants had scarce lost sight of him, when they flock'd to *Nour's*, to know the Motive of so extraordinary a Guest. The Particulars of this Adventure being laid open before the Assembly, one of them argu'd, that they could not, without being guilty of a Crime, suffer her to fulfil her Appointment at the Mountain, because the Giant would not fail to ravish, and by Consequence to kill her. But the others were of a different Sentiment, and reply'd, that the Safety of *Nour* this Way, would be the Destruction of the City, when the Giant should return and overthrow all. It was therefore determin'd that *Nour* should continue to keep his Hopes alive, and promise to espouse him in a certain limited Time, during which they might perhaps contrive means to destroy so terrible an Enemy.

This Resolution being taken, *Nour* was sent to the Son of *Feridoun*, whom she found sitting on a Stone, whence he rose to meet her, with a Transport worthy of his Passion and Fidelity. *Nour* made her Compliments to him with a dissembled Pleasure, and utter'd a thousand obliging Lies in a graceful Manner. *Hardoun* invited her to honour with her Presence, a neighbouring Grotto, which serv'd him as a Palace. Tho' such a Proposal could not but occasion some Disquiet in the Mind of a young Maid, yet as she knew herself in the Power of the Giant, and on the other Hand, this Lover appear'd to have for her the  
most

most respectful Sentiments, she did not offer to oppose his Request. They descended together into a winding Valley, which is nourish'd with the gentle Course of a Rivulet of clear Water. 'Twas here, *Hardoun* led *Nour* into a vast Cavern, where he seated her on a soft mossy Bed. While she was reflecting on the savage Wildness of the Place, the enamour'd Giant collected all the precious Things he was possess'd of, and having laid them at her Feet, he explain'd her each Particular, saying: During the Time my Passion has attach'd me to this Mountain, I discover'd in it a Vein of pure Gold, whence I dug these Pieces, which I now present you with. The Jar, that you see, is one entire *Topaz*; 'twas a Present made me two Years ago by the King of *Queronde*, after having destroy'd a Dragon, which desolated his Countrey. The black Powder, contain'd in the said Jar, is the Sovereign of all Medicines; mingled with Incense, it heals all Sorts of Wounds. Here you see a vast Number of precious Stones, which I brought from divers Countries. This gives Light to Darkness, and that repels the Force of *Tary*<sup>a</sup>; this other is found in the Head of the crown'd Fish, and is dim or clear, according to the Change of Weather at Sea. There's another, continu'd he, which represents a human Tongue, and causes success to those who interfere in the Amours of others. The Foot of this fine *Egret* is all cover'd with Diamonds; *Sobaschid*, Sultan of the Mountainers, of the Island *Borneo*, made me a Present of it, in Remembrance of my Grandfather. Refuse not, most charming *Nour*, to accept this Necklace of large Pearls, which I took from the false God *Mehabdeu*, when I broke his

<sup>a</sup> Wine that's drawn from Palm trees.

Statue to Pieces, and destroy'd his Temple in the Island of *Aru*. In a Word, *Hardoun* offer'd his Mistress Gifts of an inestimable Value, and she scrupled not to make Choice of what pleas'd her most. She eat also of some Fruit, which he prepared for her, and could not help being touch'd with the Generosity and Magnificence of her Lover; but still the ungrateful Maid suppress'd what her Soul acknowledg'd to be just. To prosecute the Deception she had so artfully begun, she promis'd him on her Departure, to consult the Inclinations of her Parents, touching the Alliance he desir'd to make with them, and then flatter'd him with a speedy and favourable Answer. On which, the Son of *Feridoun* contentedly conducted her to the Foot of the Mountain.

*Nour* was receiv'd by the Town with so much the more Satisfaction and Pleasure, as she was thought destroy'd by *Hardoun*. The very Day of her Arrival, the Inhabitants reassembled, and concluded, after a second Consultation, to cause a prodigious deep Pit to be dug, and cover'd over with Branches and Earth, in order to delude the Giant into it. *Nour's* Parents, at the same Time, put the finishing Stroke to their Daughter's Marriage; *Scimdy* repair'd to his Father-in-Law's, attended with a numerous Train of Friends; and now, nothing was thought on, but celebrating the Nuptials with the utmost Joy and Grandeur. *Mordrek* alone was unhappy; he had for many Years aspir'd to the Possession of *Nour*, and could not behold the approaching Happiness of his Rival, without testifying the most terrible Despair. He broke his Stick on his Knee, and threw the Pieces of it publickly into the Air, according to the Custom of the Countrey, and then  
left

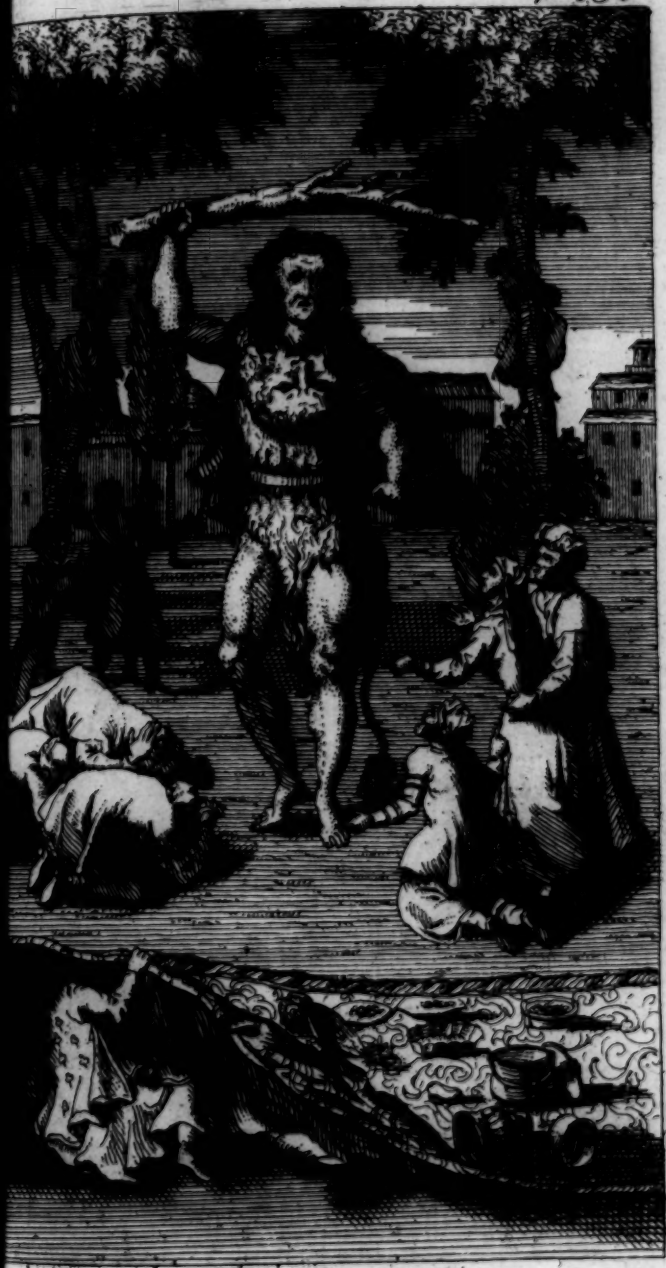


left the Town, fully bent to make away with himself.

Being come to the Top of the Rock, where many other despairing Lovers had put an End to their Lives; Oh Rock! cry'd he, hear the last Words of a miserable Man: Hard as thou art, *Nour*, the perfidious *Nour*, is yet more hard than thee. Ah *Nour*! I am the Object of thy Scorn, and thou prefer'st *Scimdy* to the unfortunate *Mordrek*. This Day thou hast accepted *Scimdy* for thy Husband. *Scimdy*, great God! *Scimdy*, the Shame of Nature! What Prize did he ever gain by his Dexterity? What Dances was he ever applauded for? When did he ever distinguish himself in our Forests with his Bow? What Verses has he ever made? Or, in what Songs has he ever celebrated the Beauties of thy Mouth and Eyes? His Possessions are indeed larger than mine. He has made a Purchase then of thy mercenary Heart? Ah! let the Slave remain with him, and may'st thou, fair Barbarian, be crush'd beneath the Weight of thy Chain, and follow me soon after. As he had finish'd these Exclamations, he was about to cast himself down the Precipice, when a powerful Hand, seizing him suddenly behind, grasp'd his Shoulder and Breast with so much Force, that this despairing Lover, who a Moment before desir'd nothing but Death, became now apprehensive it would arrive too soon. 'Twas *Hardoun*, to overhear what he said, had advanc'd towards him without making any Noise. Just as he laid hold on *Mordrek*, there issu'd from the Bottom of his vast Breast such a Sigh, as made the neighbouring Hills tremble, and frighted Echo into Silence.

*Mordrek* perceiving who it was, his late Terror gave Place to a secret Satisfaction. He re-

counted to him at large all that had happen'd, and assur'd him, that the approaching Night would compleat the Triumph of *Scindy*. He was immediately commanded by the Giant to conduct him where the Assembly met, who vow'd the most horrible Revenge on the City, for the base Design they had contriv'd against him. *Mordrek* inwardly thank'd Fortune, and walking before *Hardoun*, serv'd him as a Guide; and the more to animate his Indignation, shew'd him, as they pass'd along, the Pit had been prepar'd for his Destruction. The *Epithalamiums*, with the joyful Sound of silver Horns and Cymbals, might have distinguish'd the House of *Nour*, had they not already known it. Had the Giant given way to the first Suggestions of his Rage, he had shaken the House about their Ears, but the Thought that his Mistress might possibly have been forc'd to act as she did, suspended it. He enter'd on his Knees by a great Gate into the Court-yard, where, according to Custom, all the nuptial Guests were at Supper, on a large Carpet. Vile and abominable Wretches! cry'd he, Traitors, who contemn God and Truth, and have the Audacity to impose on the Son of a *Genius*! tremble at the Approach of your last Hour. These dreadful Words, with the Sight of him that utter'd them, threw all the Company into an inconceivable Consternation. Some crept under the Carpet, others climb'd up the Trees, but the greatest Number prostrated themselves on the Ground, imploring Mercy in the most humble Manner. The nearest Kindred of *Nour* and *Scindy* took her in their Arms, and oppos'd her to the Giant as a Buckler, hoping so beautiful an Object might abate his Fury. Their Expectations deceiv'd them not, for he was soon disarm'd of  
all



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all his Anger, and repented he had caus'd so great a Terror in the Person he passionately ador'd. All chang'd in a Moment, he approach'd her, saying to those who held her, they had nothing to fear, provided he might that Night be happy in his Love. In the present Situation of their Hearts, they would have sacrific'd to him all the Virgins of the City, so were easily prevail'd on to acquiesce with his Demand, protesting at the same time, to him, that durst they have presum'd to hope the Addressee of a Person of so extraordinary a Character, had tended to Marriage, they would never have provided another Husband for her. The Son of *Feridoun* was wholly won by this Discourse, and put his Finger on their Heads in Sign of Reconciliation; then he plac'd himself near the timorous *Nour*, who was persuaded by all there present, to entertain him in the most obliging Manner.

While she amus'd him with a fictitious Shew of Tenderneſs, the principal of the Assembly went apart, and consulted what was to be done in this Exigence. *Nour*, said one of them, shall make him drink a sufficient Quantity of *Tary*; his Drunkenness will be infallibly follow'd by a profound Sleep; and then, it will be easy for us to hinder the Monster from ever waking more. This Advice being agreed to by the rest, the Master of the House fill'd a large China Bowl with the strongest *Tary* he could procure, and presented it to *Hardoun* by his Daughter. The Giant, equally charm'd with the Liquor and Hand that gave it, drank off the Bowl at one Draught. They took due Care to replenish it, and he was no less diligent in emptying it. This Proceeding continued so long, that all the Company perceiv'd the Giant was no longer Master

of his Head. He utter'd nothing but confus'd and incoherent Words; his Eyes rowl'd wildly; and Sleep overpowering all his Faculties, he began to snore. This was the Signal of Victory to the perfidious Conspirators, who surrounded him. They bound his Hands and Feet with thick Cords, and arming themselves with what came in their Way, mounted like so many Pigmies on his vast Body, and at the same Time stabb'd him in every Part of it. This execrable Murther restored *Nour* to *Scimdy*, and Tranquillity to the whole Assembly; at the breaking up of which, *Nour* conducted her Husband and Kindred to the Cavern of the injured Giant, where they found immense Riches.

*Feridoun* was not long ignorant of what had befallen his Son, and resolv'd to revenge his Death, in a Manner becoming his Grief, the Love he bore him, and the Justice of the Cause. The Inhabitants of the Island repairing to the Town from all Parts, to celebrate a Festival, and to contend for the Prizes which were to be distributed by the beautiful *Nour*, the offended *Genius* appeared in the middle of them, and declaring whom he was, with a Voice the most terrible that could be, he touched *Nour* with the End of his Finger. On which, all the Limbs of this young Bride visibly extended themselves, till she became of a Size and Stature almost equal to that of *Hardoun*; continuing nevertheless perfectly beautiful, and her Features losing nothing of their Charms, by being enlarg'd. If my Son were yet living, said *Feridoun*, would you still think his Caresses fatal to this Creature? Was not my Power as great in his Life-time, as it is after his Death? Was it not then possible for me to render *Nour* such as you now see her? Ah misera-

ble People! Had my Son conceal'd his Extraction from this ungrateful Woman; had you been ignorant of my Power; had the Tenderness I felt for him been unknown to you, then might you have alledg'd some tolerable Excuse. But, since nothing can justify your Cruelty, be ye all involv'd in the Punishment of a Crime which no Contrition can erase. Inhumane *Nour*! from Giant that thou art, become a Mountain; and ye barbarous Parents, guilty Kindred, and unhappy Fellow-Citizens of that savage Creature, be all shut up within her Entrails, and gnaw them till my future Pleasure. Immediately *Nour* took the Form of a Mountain, which engross'd the whole Land the City stood on, and all the Island was depopulated. Nine Months after this Transformation, the Mountain trembled, groan'd and made such dreadful Roarings, as astonished all the adjacent Isles, whose Inhabitants resorted hither in great Multitudes, to behold a Spectacle which seem'd to promise so much Wonder. After having waited some time, they saw issue from a thousand Openings, prodigious Drovers of Mice, who betook themselves to the Woods. Thus it was, the miserable *Nour* deliver'd up, with the most piercing Pains, and under a shameful Form, the Accomplices of her Cruelty; and such was the Conclusion of *Feridoun's* Revenge, tho' his Affliction did not find a Remedy in taking it. He loves this Island, and hates it at the same time; he protects and detests it, and lets fall more Tears here than his Son shed Drops of Blood. It is the most rigid Theatre of Sorrow, neither are any Body suffered to live here, but such as are overwhelm'd in Grief and Trouble. Is it then inhabited, said I to the *Santon*? Yes, answer'd he, with five *Santons*, reckoning myself.

The other four I expect here to morrow, to say the Break of Day Prayer. With this, the *Santon* rose, and after having set the Place in order we were in, he shew'd us two little Beds, and then retir'd to his Closet, where he pass'd almost the remaining Part of the Night in great Lamentations.

Next Morning the four *Santons* accordingly came, who saluted us, observing a profound Silence: Three of them were young Men, and the fourth more advanc'd in Age. We accompany'd them to the Place of Prayer, purifying ourselves first, in a Fountain near the Hut. Our Host discharg'd the Function of *Iman*; and when the Prayer was ended, he made us sit down round a Chest, rather long than broad, which stood in the Middle of the Closet. Then he took the *Alcoran* out of a Nich, and read a Chapter in it, which we hearken'd to, with the utmost Attention and Humility. After that, he laid the divine Book in its Place again, approach'd the Chest, and extended himself thereon, besprinkling it with Tears. The rest of the *Santons* appear'd exceeding melancholy, and we were no less in Complaisance to them. After he was risen from his former Position, he look'd upon us both, saying: *Mussulmen*, I will now shew you the Subject of my Complaints. With that he open'd the Chest, where we beheld the Body of a young Woman, perfectly fresh, and so well preserv'd, that she look'd as if she slept, or, as tho' she was but just departed. The *Santon* left us a considerable Time to reflect on the Corpse, whose Sight caus'd fresh Torrents to flow from his Eyes; after which he clos'd the Chest, and led us into the Chamber, where we repos'd ourselves. Their Visages somewhat chang'd, and if they did not immediately



mediately put on an Air of Joy, at least they seem'd less sorrowful. The old *Santon* began the Conversation, saying, *Feridoun* would not come till the third Prayer. If that be true, said our Host, we shall have time enough to inform these Strangers, who are desirous to consult him of the different Adventures which brought us to this Island: And as they are undoubtedly surpris'd with what they have just now seen, I shall begin with a Recital of mine, if the Company thinks proper. All the *Santons* express'd their Satisfaction with it; and for our Parts, we humbly thank'd him for his Goodness, in preventing our Entreaties.

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*The Adventure of the S A N T O N, Husband of the young Woman.*

I Am, said he, Son of a rich Merchant of *Masulipatan*, my Father brought me up in his Way (and consequently involv'd me in Cares) and when I was at an Age to enter into an Hymenæal State, he made me marry the unfortunate *Kakoule*, whom I bewail. Her natural Parts were cultivated with an Application to reading; her Behaviour soft and engaging; and her Affection for me very tender. As for her Beauty I leave you to judge by the Features, which Death and the Grave have not yet impair'd. Two Years after our Marriage, my Father receiv'd Advice, that one of his Clerks, whom he entrusted with one of his chief Warehouses at *Macassar*, had dissipated, by his extravagant Follies, a great Part of the Merchandise, committed to his Care and

K 4      Management.

Management. To rectify the Disorder this Breach of Trust might have occasion'd, I propos'd going thither by the first Ship that sail'd. This Offer prov'd very agreeable to my Father, but not so pleasing to my dear *Kakoule*: On the contrary, it flung her into a deep Melancholy, which would have certainly dwindled into a Madness, had I not suffer'd her to accompany me in the Voyage. With all the Resolution and Generosity in the World did she then renounce the Sweetness of Life, she had always been accusom'd to. We embark'd with a great Number of Persons of all Sorts of Nations and Conditions; but soon did the Motion of the Ship, the Air of the Sea, the Want of Sleep, the Change of Diet, and a thousand other Inconveniencies incident to a seafaring Life, cause a fatal Revolution in my dear Spouse's tender Constitution. She fell sick, and in a few Days sunk beneath the Violence of her Indisposition. I die satisfy'd, said she, since my last Breath is spent in thy Presence. The only Request I have to make thee, is, that one Grave may contain us, when Heaven shall think meet to call thee hence. As soon as she departed, and the first Shocks of my Sorrow were somewhat mitigated, I put her Body into the very Chest you have seen, and entreated the Officers of the Ship to permit me to preserve it. While Wind and Weather prov'd favourable, no Body oppos'd my Request, but at the least Appearance of a Storm, the superstitious Merchants would cry, it is no wonder if we are lost, since against the Laws of the Sea, there's a dead Corpse in the Vessel. These Murmurings would have been of no Consequence had fair Weather succeeded, but as the Tempest augmented, they likewise increas'd, till at last the whole Ship condemn'd my Design.

Design. My Entreaties, my Tears, and my Presents were all rejected. I conjure you, said I then, to defer, at least for some Minutes, committing so precious a Treasure to the Insults of the Waves, and the Prey of Fishes: Let the inflexible *Monkir* hear your Invocations, as you shall be propitious to mine. Still all I could say or do was fruitless; so foreseeing nothing but an absolute Submission to their Obstinacy, I went, unknown to every Body, and shut myself up in the Chest. Now, dearest *Kakoule*! said I to her, as tho' she were yet living, thy last Words are fulfill'd: Accept therefore this last Proof of my Tendernefs. Then I fasten'd it with a little Lock, which I had fix'd formerly on the Inside for a different Use, and lay as motionless by the inanimate Corpse, as tho' I had been also depriv'd of Life. I suppose the Fury of the Winds augmented, for a little while after they took up the Chest, with an Infinity of Imprecations, and cast it over Board. I lost for a Time all the Faculties of Life, tho' I were still living; neither can I tell how long we were the Sport of the Waves, which drove us at length on this Island. *Feridoun* perceiving the Chest, took it out of the Water, open'd it, and distinguishing some small Remains of Life in me, he restor'd me by his Cares.

*Feridoun* is happy, cry'd I, to have in his Island such a Prodigy of Love and Fidelity? I know a Monarch who would prefer you to the richest Jewels of the East. Tho' our own Misfortunes, said the oldest of the *Santons*, leave such an Idea in our Minds, as will scarce suffer us to be affected with those of another, yet the Relation of them moves us for the present. You, pursu'd he, looking on the three young *Santons*, whose  
vigorous

vigorous Years render you more impatient than me, impart your Adventures to these *Mussulmen*. They all readily testify'd their Obedience, and he that sat next me began in this Manner:

We are all three, said he, Natives of the great Island of *Schore-Pulou*, and a Law, which Time out of Mind has been rigorously observ'd there, has render'd us all unhappy. By this Law, the third Male Child of every Family is depriv'd of that, which ought to descend to him from his Parents. I say depriv'd, because, though the Law expresses he shall inherit it, provided he executes a Command given him by the *Cadi*, when he attains the Age of fifteen, yet the Injunction is always so difficult, that scarce ever young Man could accomplish it. Thus, the Order of our Births subjects us all three to this inhumane Law.

*The ADVENTURE of the first of the  
young sorrowful SANTONS.*

AT the Age of fifteen, I was presented to the *Cadi* with all the usual Solemnities, which are perform'd in a publick Manner. The Command he laid on me, was to procure him three Dates with golden Kernels. After having received this Injunction, my Mother privately slipped into my Hands a large Sum of Money, and then I embark'd myself. I found on Board the Ship several Fellow-Travellers, who were relating, as an Amusement, each others Adventures. When it came to my Turn to recount some remarkable Passage of my Life, I made no Scruple to let them know the Situation of my Fortune, by declaring



claring in a jocose Way, the Command our *Cadi* had impos'd on me, which I look'd upon to be altogether fictitious. Your *Cadi*, interrupted one of the Company, has not so imaginary an Idea as you think him possess'd of; for the Dates with golden Kernels, you mention, actually grow in *Africa*, on a blue Palm-Tree. I have heard my Grandfather several times speak of it, whose Author was King of *Souffel* <sup>a</sup>, with whom he had a very great Intimacy, and who assur'd him with his own Mouth, that that Palm-Tree grew in one of his Provinces. How agreeably was I surpris'd at so unexpected a Discovery! I directly intreated the Person, so saying, to let me know the Difficulties I had to surmount, in Order to come at it; but he vow'd, he knew no more of the Matter than what he had just told me. We came to an Anchor, at the Mouth of a small River of the great Island of *Scherne* <sup>b</sup>, where I met with the favourable Opportunity of a Ship, just going to pass the Canal, which separates that Island from the main Land. Being arriv'd in *Souffel*, I ask'd divers Persons concerning what I was in search of, but none of them knew in what Part of the Kingdom this blue Palm-Tree grew, though they all agreed, that such a one there was. By what Means were you inform'd of it then, said I? The Inhabitants of *Souffel* answer'd me, they heard it from their Ancestors, who were honest People, and had no Interest in deceiving them. Upon this, I bought a Horse, took Provision with me, and resolv'd to range the whole Kingdom, which was not very extensive. After having examin'd two Thirds of it in vain, I laid myself down, one Night, in a Valley, where I fell fast asleep. Du-

<sup>a</sup> Or Sofala.

<sup>b</sup> Madagascar.

ring my Slumber, methoughts I saw a Lady, dress'd in the Mode of that Countrey, who ask'd me, with a great deal of Sweetness, what it was I sought: The blue Palm-Tree, answer'd I; if I could find out where it grows, perhaps I should not be disinherited. I then made her acquainted with the Law of my Countrey, the Injunction with which I was charg'd, and intreated her Assistance. Since you have Recourse to me, resum'd she, it will be your own Fault, if you are disinherited. As you go out of this Valley, you will find a beautiful Fountain, whence runs a Stream, which discharges itself in a large River not far distant from its Source. At the Bottom of the Fountain you'll find a little blue Pebble, which you must not fail to take up; then follow the Stream, till it brings you to the said River, which you will pursue, till you come to a Place, where it divides itself into two Branches to form an Island, or rather a Garden, in the Middle of which the blue Palm-Tree grows. Over an Arm of the River next to us, there is a fine Marble Bridge, whose Passage is defended by Seven and twenty Leopards. Before you come in sight of them, put the little blue Pebble in your Mouth, let your Horse graze on the Margin of the River, then walk on Foot over the Bridge, and pass boldly, for the Pebble will render you invisible. When you approach the Palm-Tree, gather three Dates and no more; but above all avoid eating any. The Lady, having said these Words, disappear'd, and as soon as I awoke, I took the Path she directed. The Fountain, the Pebble, the River, the Bridge and the Leopards presented themselves successively to my View. As I enter'd the Garden, I was saluted with an Odour, inexpressibly ravishing, proceeding from the Flowers and Fruits, which it produc'd in  
great

great abundance; but still none of them were comparable to the blue Palm-Tree and its Dates. The Trunk of it resembled the most precious Stones of *Samarkande*<sup>c</sup>, with large Veins of Gold: Its broad Leaves had the Brightness of the finest Saphirs: But how shall I describe its Fruit? Imagination can paint nothing so glorious! I swear by *Mahomet*, and by *Ali* his Son-in-Law, Son of *Abutalib*, it's more to testify the Truth, that I speak thus, than to exaggerate the Force of the Temptation, by which I was unhappily overcome. In beholding these marvellous Dates, I was inflam'd with such a Desire to taste them, that I believe to this Day, I should have dy'd on the Place, had I not gratify'd my Longing. I then took the blue Pebble out of my Mouth, extended my Hand, reach'd a Bough, and began to eat of them. The Relish was delicious and enchanting, but alas! the Pleasure was short. The Leopards now cast their furious Eyes upon me, made towards me with incredible Swiftmess, and were just on the Point of tearing me to pieces, when the Lady, whom I had seen in my Dream, suddenly appear'd. At her Presence, these fierce Creatures immediately took Flight; and I prostrated myself at her Feet, endeavouring to express my Repentance and Gratitude. You are now lost to all Hopes of your Design, said she, acknowledge your Fault therefore, and go weep in the Island of the *Genius Feridoun*, my Father, who is still more afflicted than yourself. With this, she took me by the Hand, and having conducted me beyond the Bridge, charg'd me to pursue my Journey with all possible Speed, and to put the Pebble in its Place again, as I pass'd by the Fountain,

<sup>c</sup> The finest Stones come from Samarkande and Bokara.

which

which vanish'd from my Sight, the Moment I had obey'd her Commands. Then I look'd back, but saw neither River nor Bridge. Greatly astonish'd at this Adventure, but much less surpris'd than I had been at the Account the Inhabitants of *Souffel* gave me, I directed my Way to that City, whence I embark'd to come hither.

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*The ADVENTURE of the second of the young, sorrowful SANTONS.*

THE Command enjoined me by our *Cadi*, said the second of the young, sorrowful *Santons*, wa's not less difficult, than that you have heard related, only I add this Advantage, that the Judge himself directed me the Road I was to follow. The beautiful *Amberboi*, Daughter of the *Genius Arrout*, will not, said he, refuse you her Affection, could you find out the Means to merit it. Go! then, and prove yourself worthy of her: Her Palace is in the Isle of *Hao*. I agreed with the Master of a *Portuguese* Vessel from *Macao*, to put me on Shoar at *Hao*, being to touch there, in his Return to *China*. This Island is in the Form of a Sugar-Loaf: On which side soever you land, you discover the Palace of the Daughter of *Arrout*, which is built on the Height. There is no other Way to ascend to it, than by a Pair of Stairs, cut in the Rock, divided by six magnificent Gates, at an equal Distance from each other. Having knock'd at the first, six *Dervises* \* open'd it, and

\* Religious Mahometans. They commonly wear Skins of Beasts dry'd in the Sun, go bare Head and bare Foot; shave all the Hair that grows on their Bodies; burn their Temples; and wear great Jasper Ear rings of divers Colours.



one of them almost double with Age, demanded whom I was, and whither I was going? To which, I gave him to understand my Name and Business. If I could depend on thy Wisdom, resum'd he, I would, perhaps, advise thee for thy good. Oh! assure yourself, reply'd I, I'll make an excellent Use of it, believe me I will. The *Dervise*, at this shook his Head, saying, Go on, young Man, go on; thou hast too good an Opinion of thyself to regard any thing I could say to thee; so farewell till we see one another again. He, and his Companions turn'd from me, and I went up softly to the second Gate, accusing myself, that I had, in Reality, too little Diffidence of myself. Five *Calenders*<sup>b</sup> open'd it, and one of them said to me, Who art thou? Whither art thou going? And what are thy Designs? I am, answer'd I, a poor, unfortunate young Man, oblig'd, by various Motives, to devote my most humble Service to the Queen *Amberboi*; I am neither acute, nor learn'd, but I know well how to prefer her Will before my own. Ah blessed Knowledge, cry'd the five *Calenders*! Young Man, pursue thy Way. At the third Gate, four *Santons*<sup>c</sup> stopp'd me, and he, who seem'd to be their Chief, said, Thou com'st hither, in all Appearance, to serve the Queen: What Wages dost thou expect to have? And how long dost thou propose to live in her Service? The Pleasure I shall take, answer'd I, in executing

<sup>b</sup> Religious Mahometans more respected than the Dervises. They wear a little short Robe without Sleeves, edg'd with Horse-hair, or Camel's mix'd with Wooll; shave themselves, wear Hats adorn'd with Fringes of Horse-hair; a great iron Ring about their Necks, and others of the same Matter at their Ears; some again of them have another, of two Pound Weight, fix'd to that Part of the Body, which serves for Generation.

<sup>c</sup> Mahometan Priests.

the Commands of so charming a Princess, will more than recompense my weak Services ; and as for the Continuation of them, they shall last as long as I love her, and I shall love her as long as I live. Generously spoken, said the *Santons*, letting me pass. I saluted them, and much pleas'd with myself, arriv'd at the fourth Gate, where I met three *Mullab's* <sup>d</sup>. Is it by *Force*, or *Love*, said they, thou comest hither to serve the Queen? If she commands thee to do impossible Things, wilt thou obey her? The Queen is too just, and has too much good Sense, answer'd I, to impose Laws, whose Execution is impossible. I must own, the Motive that first kindled Inclination, and prompted me to offer her my Affiduities, had a Tincture of Interest in it; but now that's no more; my whole self languishes to be hers. Go—up, reply'd the *Mullabs*. The fifth Gate was open'd me by two *Imans* <sup>e</sup>, whose Question was this: If thou hadst the Liberty to chuse, which of these two Things would'st thou like best; to live here with the Queen, or for her to go and live with thee? If the Choice was lodg'd in my Power, I would not chuse, said I to them, I would leave it to the Queen's better Judgment. Very well! reply'd the *Imans*, continue thy Steps. At the sixth Gate, I found a most beautiful *Nymph* <sup>f</sup>. If my Mistress, said she, thinks you unworthy of her Favours, what will you do then? Charming *Nymph*, answer'd I, I'll beseech her to render me worthy of them, and I'll defy her to hinder me from adoring her. If she returns your Affection, resum'd the young *Nymph*, be satisfy'd with her Person, and desire no other Blessing.

<sup>d</sup> Mahometan Doctors.    <sup>e</sup> Mahometan Curates.

<sup>f</sup> Verbally translated, it would be Ginne of the second Order.

After

After giving me this Advice, she introduced me into the Apartment of the Divine *Amberboi*, to whom I devoted myself, and kneeling, kiss'd the Entrance of the Alcove where her Throne was erected. Rise, said she, I will accept your Offers, be but truly submissive. This said, two Nymphs took me by the Hands and led me away. For the Space of a Month, I observed all the Queen's Commands with the utmost Exactitude, and perceived, that her lovely Eyes, which at first looked like Indifference itself, became now daily more favourable. She loved me, at last, with an Infinity of Warmth, and her Heart being in this happy Disposition, discoursed me, one Day in this Manner; Thy great Submission has won my Soul, but this Place is no Ways proper for our Pleasures. The curious and jealous *Ginnes*, who pretend to be my Friends, are too well acquainted with it, and our Actions would be too much inspected into. I know a delightful Retreat, where we shall be much less exposed: Let us go thither. I expressed my Readiness to follow her. Let us prepare then for our Departure, continued she, leading me into a large Cabinet, which contained her Treasure. At our Entrance, I saw what greatly astonished me, six golden Tables, on each of which there was a great Turkish Jar of an old Rock, full of inestimable Riches. The first was filled with Topazes; the second, with Emeralds; the third, with Rubies; the fourth, with Saphirs; the fifth, with Diamonds and Pearls perfectly round, and as big as Nut-galls; and the last, which was larger than the rest, contained all Sorts of Jewels, so delicately wrought, that Art here surpass'd even Nature, tho' the Matter was nothing but Gold

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and

and precious Stones of a finished Perfection, My Charmer, said *Amberboi*, take whatever you think fit of this immense Treasure, and carry it away with you. I was dazled, but perfectly calling to Mind the Nymph's Advice, My Queen, answered I, my Eyes are only sacred to you; why do you then thus injure them? In saying so, I pretended to leave the Cabinet, but *Amberboi* retained me, throwing her tender Arms about my Neck; and with an irresistible Smile, said, you will not sure refuse this Ring, which she took from the Jar, containing the Jewels, and put on my Finger. I was some Moments admiring the Beauty of it, when I perceived that instead of a Diamond, my Picture was chac'd in it. I was so surpris'd and ravish'd at the Sight of such an unexpected Novelty, that made me say to the beautiful *Ginne*, I should think myself guilty of the greatest Breach of Civility, were I to remove that Ring from the Place, where she had vouchsafed to put it. *Amberboi*, at these Words immediately changed her Countenance, for an Air, all proud and full of disdain: Impostor, said she, deceitful, perjured and ungrateful Villain, dost thou then love another Object besides me? Fly, Wretch fly; go and adore thy self. How much astonish'd was I at these Words! And how little able am I to express the Terror I was in! The Daughter of *Arrout* went out, and fifty Nymphs of her Attendance, furious as so many Lyons, came in; and though I made no Resistance, dragged me down to the second Gate, which was open, as were all the others quite to the Bottom, and the Guards waited in the Passage to precipitate my Departure. The two *I-mans* seized me under each Arm, and launched me,



me, with Impetuosity to the *Mullaks*; those hurled me, with all their Force, towards the *Santons*; the *Santons* threw me, with greater Roughness still, to the *Calenders*; and the *Calenders* made me fly with such rapidity, the Space between them and the *Dervises*, that I know not if I touched the Ground. I fell breathless and half dead, in the Midst of these last, who suffered me to recover my self a little, on Purpose to divert themselves with my Misfortune, which they did so loudly, that the whole Mountain echoed with their Huzza's. When I came to myself; I foresaw well enough, my Son, said the old *Dervise* to me, that you would have no great Success. Presumption is the Source of too many Vices; and Self-love is too imperious, where Vanity reigns. Be gone, added he, and sit on that Rock pointing to it, until some Vessel shall happily pass by. With these Words he clapped too the Gate, and I repaired thither to bewail my Folly. I remained on that craggy Habitation more than three Weeks; during which Time, the old *Dervise* brought me every Day a little Rice, mixed with a bitter Herb, called *Rue*. A Ship, at last, happening to sail within ken of my Cries and the Signs I made, the Long-Boat was sent to carry me on Board. Just as I was about to embark, the old *Dervise* advised me to take Refuge in this Island as soon as possible; and I am not at all dissatisfied with having follow'd his Directions.

*The ADVENTURE of the third of the  
young, sorrowful SANTONS.*

THE Order enjoined me by the *Cadi* of our Town, said the third of the young sorrowful *Santons*, provoked every Body that heard it; because they looked upon its Accomplishment more impossible than all the Commands he had given on such Occasions, for the Space of ten Years. Go, said he, and fetch me the *As* of *Daggial*<sup>a</sup>, whom you will find in the Mountain of *Caf*. I returned Home exceeding Melancholy at my Obligation; and my Grief was such, that even my Brothers melted into Compassion at it, and consented, that my Father and Mother should furnish me with a very large Sum of Money, plainly foreseeing the Improbability of my Return, evermore to be chargeable to them. The first Opportunity that offered, I passed from the Island of *Schore-Pulou* to the Main Land, where I bought a Slave, two good Horses for us, and a Mule to carry our Provision. I armed myself and Slave, promising him his Liberty and large Presents on our Return, provided he proved faithful; and then made the best of our Way to the Mountains. As that of *Caf* surpasses, by much all the rest in Height, it was not very difficult for us to discover the Ridge of it. When we were come to the Entrance of the Mountains, we followed the Tract, making easy Days Journeys, living very well, and taking particular Care to inform ourselves, in all the inhabited

<sup>a</sup> *The Anti-Christ of the Mahometans.*

Places we met with, concerning *Daggial* and his *Afs*. We travelled during three tedious Months, without being able to procure the least Insight till one Morning, after having passed through a small Wood, pretty thick, we heard most terrible Cries behind us: Some seemed to be menacing, and others utter'd to move Compassion. Brother, said I to my Slave, let us turn our Mule a little from the high Road, and go back to see what mean those Cries. If any in Distress have need of our Succour, let us hazard our Lives for them: The Danger they are exposed to To-Day, may perhaps threaten us To-Morrow. The Slave, who was a Man of Courage, led the Mule into a Thicket, and after having tied him up, rejoined me. We then put our Bows in order, and made towards the Noise; which being approached, we saw three Men with their Backs towards a large Tree, bravely defending themselves against seven Rogues. We did not stand long to hesitate, but shot directly at the Assaultants, and two of them drop'd. The like Success attended our second Discharge, and the three remaining, ran to us, with the Fury of Men in Despair, to revenge their Companions Fall; but whilst we were disposing ourselves to give them a vigorous Reception, the three Men, whom we delivered, had pursued, taken and wounded them.

I embraced these Travellers, (who were very acknowledging,) with the utmost Satisfaction; saying, Gentlemen, I suppose you are as little desirous as I am, to hear the last Words of these unhappy Wretches; therefore I hope you will employ yourselves much better, by favouring me with your Companies a little Distance from hence.

I conducted them strait to the Mule, where I entertained them on the Grass, with what Fare I was Master of, and they eat very heartily of it. During the Collation, I recounted the Motive of my Travels, and entreated them to tell me impartially their Opinions on it. A good Action is never lost, replied one of the three Travellers ; no Body can give you a more precise Account of what you are in Search of, than we ; for we live at the Foot of the Mountain, that *Daggial's* Ass grazes on ; neither are we ignorant of the Measures you must take, to become Master of this Animal. Praise be to God ! Dear Friends, cried I, you put an end to my Fatigues. Be certain of nothing yet, resumed the Traveller : An Undertaking does not always succeed, even though the nicest Precaution be used. Let us pursue therefore our Journey, you will have Time enough when we get thither, to consult your Heart. Moreover, your Equipage will be rather an Hindrance than Service to you now ; for we have still a vast Number of Mountains to pass over, and all by Paths in a Manner impracticable. This News made me very pensive for some Moments ; but resuming a fresh Courage and Resolution, I emptied the Panniers the Mule carried, and divided the Provision into five Parts. The three Travellers and I, took each our Share ; after which, I said to my Slave, the Fifth will suffice thee, until thou canst reach the first inhabited Place : Besides, I give thee, with thy Liberty, these Animals, and this Purse, which contains about five and twenty *Chequins* ; so God bless thee, and pray for thy Master. The poor Slave received my Gifts with Tears in his Eyes ; and I left him, thus bewailing his Loss, to follow,

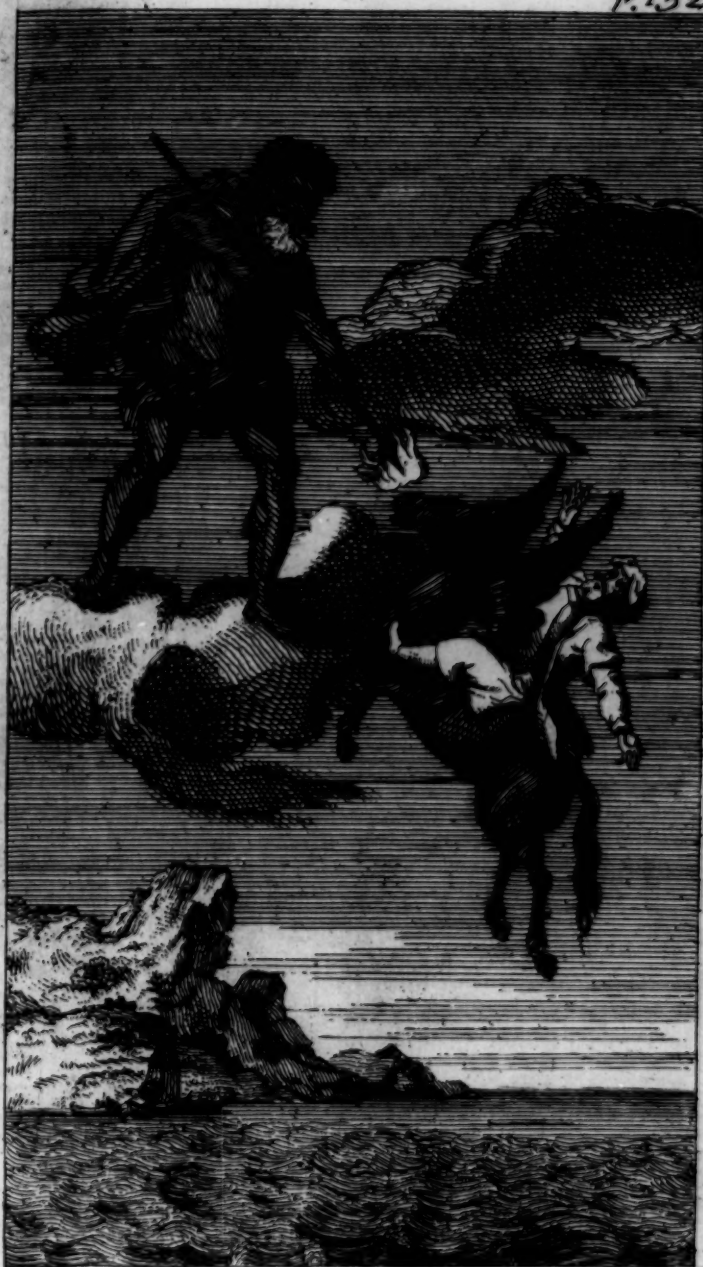
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on Foot, my Conductors. For six Days successively walking, we saw nothing but numberless Precipices. At last we descended into a Valley that was very fresh and green, and in which was a great Multitude of useless Animals feeding, and a considerable Number of large, but ill-built Houses. He, that for the most Part talk'd to me, let me into one of them, where he entertained me with all the Magnificence a rural Life affords. When the People of his Family were retired, he spoke to me thus : My Lord, on the Top of the Mountain my Habitation touches, you will find a Wood, entirely planted with odoriferous Trees. It is in this very Wood *Daggial's* Afs dwells, because he lives on nothing else but sweet Flavours. He is as black as Jet, and his Wings are of the same Colour. He can neither suffer the least Infection, the least superfluous Weight, nor the least Fear in the Person that rides him. Due Precautions may be easily taken, as to the two first Articles ; but, my Lord, weigh well the third ; for if *Daggial's* Afs finds you in the least timorous, when he flies with you, like an Eagle, into the Air, your Life is infallibly lost ; he throws you headlong down, from Heaven to the Earth. Dear Fellow Traveller, replied I, my Courage, I am certain, will not fail me ; therefore let us think of repairing the Fatigues of our Journey. Two Days after, I entreated him to set me Part of the Way, who readily complied with my Request. After having mounted a long Time, we reposed ourselves near a very beautiful Fountain, where I wash'd my self from Head to Foot, as also my *Sar-A-pat*, and the little Remains of Clothes I had preserved. It was here my Host took Leave of me, wished all Manner of Prosperity to my Enterprize,

and excused himself for not guiding me any farther, for fear of incurring *Daggial's* Indignation.

I ascended until I came to the sweet scented Wood, where I found the Afs just as he had been described to me. He was not difficult in being approached, and even suffered me to caress him, which I did the longer, to bring him the better acquainted with me. At last, I jumped upon him, and in a Moment he spread his large Wings, began to cut the Air, with an unconceivable Swiftness, and in less than an Hour, we were in a direct Line above the Ocean. I had now felt no Sign of Fear; and was even flattering myself that my Heart was not susceptible to it; when I beheld before me amidst the Clouds, a huge, black Giant, armed with a fiery Javelin, and waiting to pierce me with it. Though his Complexion was black, his Beard, and all the other Hairs of his Body were white. He had but one Eye, and one Eye-lid, but it sparkled like a Comet, and gave a most horrible Look. This Object proved to be *Daggial* himself. I must own, I could not behold so dreadful a Monster, without giving Way to Confusion and Terror. I might perhaps have recovered my Courage, had the Afs allowed me more Time; but he immediately stood on his Hind-legs, and shook his Mane and Neck; so being obliged to quit my Hold, I fell headlong down into the Sea. I was fortunate enough, not to be directly suffocated with the great Plunge I made; but coming up again to the Surface of the Water, and being very lightly dress'd, I supported myself by swimming, until I was taken up by some Fishermen; who hearing me fall, came without Delay to my Assistance. Having asked them, when I was pretty well come to myself, what



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what Part of the World I was in, they told me, they lived in an Island adjacent to that, where the *Genius Feridoun* received with so much Humanity, all those, who were truly overwhelmed in Affliction. After having refreshed myself some Days with them, what they had told me concerning this generous *Genius*, induced me to intreat them in his Name, to conduct me to his Island; which they very willingly complied with.

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*The ADVENTURE of the Old SANTON at the Queen of the Mountains.*

THE third of the young, sorrowful *Santons*, having finished his Adventure, I shall now begin mine.

The great Reputation of Charity, that the powerful *Genius Feridoun* has so justly acquired in the World, said the old *Santon*, made me likewise repair to this Island. Having passed my Youth in the Exercise of Arms, and on all Occasions given Proofs of my Valour to the invincible *Jehan-Guir*; this Sultan of the Moguls, as a Reward of my Services, put me at the Head of a thousand Horse. So glorious a Mark of his Esteem, still more animating my Zeal, I continued to serve him, with the utmost Fidelity, and to be Prodigal of my Blood, in all the Wars he undertook. The last Expedition I assisted at, was the Siege of *Candabar*, which was the only Frontier Garrison of *Persia*, the *Sophi* believed  
impreg-

impregnable. The taking this important Place, having concluded the Campaign, all the Officers had Orders to march their Troops into the several Parts of the Kingdom, nominated for their Quarters. It fell to my Lot to conduct mine to the Frontiers of the Country of *Ancheran*. Before I could arrive there, I was obliged to travel over very high Mountains, which separate the Kingdom of *Thibet* from the Province of *Cabul*. These Mountains, or rather the Vallies, which they form, are inhabited. We found there, not only Hamlets, but likewise Villages well-peopled.

Though I always took a particular Care to regulate the March of my Troops, so as to Quarter them every Night in the best Places, yet the Badness of the Roads happening one Day to prevent the Performance of our Stage, we were obliged to halt in a Hamlet, that was only composed of seven or eight very ordinary Cottages. Seeing the Necessity there was to encamp, contrary to our Custom, I ordered the Tents to be put in Readiness, whilst the Officers went to find out a convenient Place for pitching them. As they were marking out the Camp, they perceived at the Extremity of a little, but very delightful Valley, a spacious Edifice, neither wholly in Repair, nor entirely demolished. They immediately asked the Country People, what it was they saw? You see, replied an old Mountaineer, the Queen of the Mountains Fortrefs. The lawful Possessors, having been compelled to abandon it, through the Incurfions of the *Persians*, this Lady rendered herself Mistress of it. She, and her Court, have dwelled there these fifteen Years, and suffer no Stranger whatever to come nigh them. What sort of a Person is this  
Queen,

Queen, replied the Officers, and what Family is she of? What are her Attendants? Is she at great Expence? I do not know, resumed the Mountaineer, what Extraction she is of; and in Regard of her Appearance, no Body ever had more the Air of a Princess; yet notwithstanding that, I cannot believe her a Woman composed of Flesh and Bones, for I have seen her, several Times, fly like a Bird. The People about her do also very surprising Things, and are so numerous, that they might form a little Army. They never come hither, and very seldom speak to us, so that we are entire Strangers to what they subsist on. We dare not so much as approach the Fortrefs, since this Queen's Residence there; for several of us have narrowly escaped our Lives, for only feeding our Flocks a little too near it. By the Half-Moon, replied one of our Officers on that, here is an Adventure the most worthy our Curiosity we can meet with. We ought not, by any Means, to neglect making due Use of it; since therefore we have still Day-light enough, let us march directly into the Fortrefs: It is a spacious Piece of Building; and consequently we shall be less exposed there to the Insults of the Weather, than under our Tents. You will see the Queen will be either afraid to shew herself, or if she does, it will be to give us a gracious Reception. Believe me, the Sight of so formidable a Band as ours is, would even render *Afmough*<sup>a</sup> affable. I would not advise you to depend on that, answered the Peasant; but the rest of the Officers, being for the most Part, giddy brain'd young Gen-

<sup>a</sup> *An evil Div, that Aherman employs to sow Discord among Men.*

tlemen,

lemen, thought it was derogating from their Character, to disapprove the rash Proposition of their Comrade. They came forthwith to acquaint me with the Result of their Deliberation, and being at least as curious as they were, I commanded the Horse to march, and the Peasants to furnish us with Wood, Provision, and all the Lamps they had in the Hamlet.

When we had enter'd the Edifice, we visited it, and finding it in good Repair for an abandon'd Place, we distributed the Companies into as good Order as possible. Great Fires were made every where; eating, drinking, and merry making went forwards among them, but still every one took care to have his Arms in Readiness. For my part, I supp'd with all the Officers, in a fine Hall we had reserv'd for that Purpose, and which was illuminated with all the Lamps of the Hamlet, hanging round the Walls of it. After having diverted ourselves till after Midnight, we began to feel the first Approaches of Sleep, and were disposing ourselves to retire, when an unexpected and dreadful Noise was heard, adjoining to the Place where we were, that soon made us think of something else than going to Bed. Far from being dismay'd at it, as Men of signaliz'd Courage, we betook ourselves to our Arms, and turn'd towards the Palace Gate, waiting with Intrepidity what should happen. The Noise ceas'd all on a sudden, which we then concluded was a Signal. A little after, we saw the pretended Queen of the Mountains appear. She was most magnificently drest, preceeded by a Dozen of Guards well arm'd, accompany'd with several Ladies very richly adorn'd, and follow'd by a great Number of People, who by their Air, and the  
Beauty



Beauty of their Arms and Dresses, might be taken for so many *Rejas*.

I fix'd my Eyes directly on her, who look'd so amiable, and so worthy of Respect, that I remain'd as speechless. What, my Lord, said she to me, with a great Deal of Familiarity, do you surprise me Sword in Hand? Is it thus then you make your Visits? Madam, answer'd I, you'll easily pardon, I hope, the Incivility of a Person who expected to find an Enemy here. It is probable you may have found one, in Effect, resum'd the Queen, but you'll need other Arms than those I see to vanquish him. As I was about to make a suitable Reply to this seemingly gay Discourse, a brutal Wretch, whom I thought detach'd himself from my Company, advanc'd, and taking the Queen insolently by the Chin, said he was ready to fight her at what Weapons she would please to Name. The Queen stept back, discovering a great Confusion of Mind, and one of her Ladies flew at this presumptuous Animal to tear his Eyes out. For my part, I gave him a great Blow over the Face likewise, and at the same time, all in the Hall drew their Sabres. The Officers belonging to the Queen seem'd bent on revenging the Insolence shewn their Mistress, and mine cry'd out let the Guilty be punish'd. The Soldiers who were dispers'd thro' the Fortress, hasten'd also to the Noise; so that, in a very little Time, the Hall was so full, there was scarce any stirring in it.

The Queen suspended a while the Disorder to ask the Person who had caus'd it, whom he was? But this Wretch making no Answer, her Attendants said it was undoubtedly some Body belonging to me. My Officers and I who had never  
seen

seen him, maintain'd, on the contrary, that he was one of her own Domesticks. The Dispute at last growing more warm, the Lie was given on both Sides, Blows ensu'd, each attack'd his Man, the Lamps were thrown down, Blood began to stream in Abundance, the Fury of the Combatants rather redoubled than abated in the Dark, and the Havock lasted till Morning.

Then those who remain'd, saw the Queen at the Door of the Hall, laughing extreamly, and who seem'd to wear an Air of Joy on her Countenance, saying to them: Wretches! open your Eyes, know yourselves, and learn never to take up your Lodging in another Person's House, without asking the Owner's Leave. I was deeply wounded in two Places, and tho' the great Effusion of Blood I had just lost, render'd me almost incapable of Speech, yet I both saw and heard the execrable Phantom. This second Apparition was succeeded by a dreadful Surprise: Our Eyes were releas'd from the fatal Enchantment that had misled them till that Moment; our Rage dissipated, our Enemies vanish'd, and we plainly perceiv'd we had only been fighting with one another. All those who were able to move, urg'd by a just Resentment, made directly towards the perfidious Queen to be reveng'd of her, but she disappear'd continuing to deride us.

Being reduc'd to the fourth Part of our Complement, we thought of nothing but interring the Dead, and comforting the wounded. Litters were prepar'd in all haste to transport us to the Cottages, were we recover'd our Healths by little and little. As fast as they were cur'd of their Wounds,

Wounds, I sent them to join the rest at *Ancheran*, who march'd thither the very Day after the Adventure. They all imagin'd I would not fail to rejoin them likewise, but being asham'd of what had happen'd, as equally possess'd of the blackest Despair, to see the Flower of *Jeban-Guir's* Army cut off, I was depriv'd of all Resolution of ever more appearing before him. As soon therefore as I was in a Condition to march, I took leave of those remaining uncur'd, saying, I should expect to see them shortly at *Ancheran*, but instead of pursuing that Road, I travell'd towards the Sea Coast. You may be assur'd, Gentlemen, I did not fail cursing the abominable *Div*, during my Journey, for having transform'd one half of my Troopers to engage the other, by means of a Spectre, who began the Quarrel.

Time having insensibly slipt away during all these Recitals, our *Santon* went out to look at the Sun, and coming in again, told us the Hour of the second Prayer was nigh at Hand. We rose up, and separated from each other, in order to prepare ourselves for it, by bathing and pious Reflections. After the Prayer was ended, we perform'd our Meditations in common, and the Company desir'd to be satisfy'd with the Relation of our Adventures, which accordingly we did. It is not very difficult, said our *Santon* to us after that, to guess what you would know of our *Genius Feridoun*; but be careful to remember you give him no other Title than that of *Genius*<sup>a</sup>, calling him neither *Div* nor *Peri*.

<sup>a</sup> *Feridoun* would not be called *Div*, because he had been one; nor *Peri*, because he was not one. He is a *Div* converted.

The loud Sighs we heard at some Distance from the Hut, gave us notice the Master of the Isle approach'd. The *Santon* with whom we were, then took the *Alcoran*, and putting himself at the Head of his Brotherhood, order'd us to follow them. We walk'd in this Manner till we came to the Entrance of a great Alley, which Nature had form'd in the middle of the Wood, and stood there in a Line. *Feridoun* appear'd that Moment at the other Extremity, and advanc'd towards us with large solemn Steps. The Trees agitated by his Sighs, made as much Noise as a great Wind raises in a Forest. Tho' the highest Coco-trees reach'd but to his Shoulders, yet all his Limbs were so well proportion'd, that his Stature seem'd not enormous. The Features of his Face were extreamly fine, but of a masculine Beauty, and full of Majesty; his Arms enfolded in each other, embrac'd his Huge Breast; he inclin'd his Head somewhat forward, and kept his Eyes intently fix'd on Earth, as a Man immerg'd in the most profound Melancholy. When he came within twenty Paces of us he stopt, and the *Santons* advancing, *Almoraddin* and I follow'd them. Then after having saluted him three times, with our Faces bow'd down to the Ground, as is customary to the *Sultan* of the *Indies*, our Chief open'd the *Alcoran* with all Humility, and in a laudable Voice, read these Words.

“ In the Name of the most mighty and merciful  
 “ God. I am inform'd by a Revelation to com-  
 “ municate to the People, that certain *Genii* have  
 “ listen'd to me, as I was perusing the *Alcoran*,  
 “ and said, we have heard the miraculous *Alco-*  
 “ *ran* read; it teaches the Way of Truth, and we  
 “ give



“ give Faith to all it contains. We don’t believe  
 “ God shares his Omnipotence, and we are fully  
 “ persuaded that there is but one independent  
 “ God, who has neither Wife or Family. The  
 “ ignorant Part of us blaspheme against his di-  
 “ vine Majesty, tho’ we never held it lawful for  
 “ them so to do. There are Men who only  
 “ implore the Assistance of created Spirits,  
 “ and who augment their own Confusion still  
 “ the more, by alledging, God will raise none  
 “ from the Dead. Certain *Genii* have farther  
 “ affirm’d; we have tow’rd as far as Heaven,  
 “ and found it starrify’d and guarded. We re-  
 “ pose ourselves in a Place somewhat distant from  
 “ it for to listen. A Star spies out the Curious,  
 “ and drives them down. We can’t tell whe-  
 “ ther God hates ye Mortals on Earth, or whe-  
 “ ther he will shew you the right Path; but we  
 “ are at present of the Number of those that  
 “ believe in his Unity. They have lastly added:  
 “ Oh People! we walk’d before in Error, and  
 “ thought God was ignorant of what was done  
 “ on Earth; but the Truth is, no Body can E-  
 “ scape his Power. We have heard the Book  
 “ that teaches the right Way read, and we give  
 “ Faith to all it contains. He that puts his  
 “ Confidence in God, need not fear what Mis-  
 “ fortune or Injustice can befall him. There  
 “ are some among us who are good, and who  
 “ rely sincerely on God.”

Here the *Santon* shut the holy Book. The  
*Genius*, being now more tranquil, and consol’d  
 at what he had heard, ask’d, as low as he could  
 speak, who those *Musselmen* were he then saw,  
 and what they wanted. The Character he gave  
 us, assuring us of his Vigilance and Favour, I

M

made

made a Sign to *Almoraddin*, and as we approach'd, Generous *Genius*, said I to *Feridoun*, you are not undoubtedly ignorant who we are, and what has brought us before you; but since you command us to relate the Cause, this young Man, Son of a Merchant, has lost two thirds of his Substance, in disappointing twice the beautiful *Zulikbab*, Queen of *Barrostan*, and must infallibly lose the remaining Part, if he answers not now her Expectations. As for me, I am one of the Slaves of *Chah-Jehan*, induc'd by a laudable Curiosity: I travel to improve my Mind and Manners, and chiefly to discover the Island of *Borico*, where springs a Fountain, whose Water restores past Youth to such as drink of it. Oh *Genius*, gracious and benignant! we doubt the Success of our Enterprizes, enlighten us therefore by thy Counsels. *Feridoun* made Answer: Let him that is *silent* follow punctually the Advice of him that has *spoken*; and let him that has *spoken*, hope every thing from the *good Work* he does. We bow'd with the utmost Reverence, after having receiv'd this short Answer; and the *Santons* bidding us, in a low Voice retire, we return'd to the Hut.

Tho' my Conduct is henceforward to be regulated by you, said *Almoraddin*, embracing me; yet if I may presume to advise, let us repair to the Ship; our People may perhaps be impatient. With all my Heart, reply'd I, but let us return hither again with some Testimonies of our Gratitude. On this we went down to the Sea-side, and having call'd the Boat on Shore, we stept into it, and were row'd on Board. As we ascended into the Ship, we assur'd them all, we did not come to fetch any Body. The Surprize  
and

and Joy of the Sailors echo'd throughout the Vessel, and the Pilot, who had been trembling all this while, overwhelm'd us with Questions, which we deferr'd satisfying till a more seasonable Opportunity. By my Direction, *Almoraddin* made Choice of three Pieces of Gold Brocade for *Feridoun*, and compos'd a Present for the *Santons*, of five Pieces of fine Cloath, five beautiful *China* Bowls, a Sack of *Bocaro* Plumbs, and another of *Kichmiches* Apricocks. Having prepar'd our Gifts we return'd to the Hut, and left them at the Door, the *Santon* not being yet come home. We have now fulfill'd our Duty, said I to *Almoraddin*, so let us embark ourselves in good Earnest. A fresh Breeze of Wind rising in the Night, and promising a favourable Navigation, we prepar'd to set sail.

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*The Sequel of the History of ALMORADDIN, and Queen ZULIKHAH.*

IN Effect, we had no sooner unfurl'd our Sails, than the Ship was gently carry'd between the North and East Points. After we had satisfy'd the Curiosity of the Pilot, and the rest of the Mariners, *Almoraddin* and I went apart to Discourse privately with each other. The Oracle, which at first seem'd to give us strong Hopes, now began to puzzle us. If I expect to succeed in my Enterprise, said *Almoraddin*, I must follow punctually your Advice; and if I do not observe that Punctuality to a Tittle, (which I may fail

fail in, though never so well dispos'd to perform it; ) all will be knock'd in the Head, and the Oracle can't be blameable. I am no less dubious than you, answer'd I: the good Issue of what I desire, depends on the Assistance I am able to afford you; but if, by Inadvertency, I omit any necessary Observation, my good Work will be found defective, and both our Attempts frustrated. But, continu'd I, don't we strain the Argument a little too far? I cannot think the *Genius* design'd to deceive us; for it would be no other to exact from us what's e'en almost impossible. Let us consider our several Obligations with an Eye less scrupulous; and as I have more Reason than ever to espouse your Interest, let me know what has pass'd between the Queen of *Barrostan* and you, without omitting the least Circumstance. *Almoraddin* readily fulfill'd my Request, and I devour'd, with a singular Attention, all the Particularities of his Adventures, which were the chief Subject of my Reflections, during the rest of the Voyage to *Sumatra*.

When we came within Sight of the Port, we adorn'd the Vessel with a great Number of Streamers of all Colours. Then we sail'd into the Harbour, firing our Guns, as in Triumph, and anchor'd at a certain Distance from the Town, without dispatching any Body to apprise them of our Arrival. Whilst the Officers came to visit us, we form'd a Consort of Musick, compos'd of Kettle-Drums, *Karnas*<sup>a</sup>, and several other sorts of Instruments, which drew a vast many People to the

<sup>a</sup> A *Karna* is a kind of Hautboy, a Fathom and a half long, and a Foot wide at the Bottom.



Sea-side. The Queen and all her Court beheld us with equal Admiration and Curiosity, and all the Windows and Terrasses belonging to the Palace, were likewise crowded with Spectators. At last, we perceived an Officer, guarded with ten Soldiers, making towards us in a Boat, to ask us, in the Queen's Name, who we were, and what our Business was: But he no sooner cast his Eyes on *Almoraddin*, than he knew him again, and instead of asking him these Questions, said, God grant you may observe the Laws of our Royal Mistress better than you have hitherto done. Why do you delay coming on Shoar? Are you afraid you will not be received with open Arms? What detains me, answer'd *Almoraddin*, is the Uncertainty of what may happen to the best of Friends, pointing at me, when he said these Words. If I should, continu'd he, be again unhappily stripped and sent away, would he be kept here against his Will? May the Queen vouchsafe to explain that Article. The Officer went immediately and reported it to her, and coming back a little after, the Law, said he to *Almoraddin*, puts you in full Possession both of the Queen's Person and Riches, provided you fulfil the Condition already known to you: This is all she can grant. This Law confiscates to the Use of the Queen, only your own Person and Effects, therefore your Friend is safe. If you should transgress a third Time, he is at Liberty either to stay or follow you, provided he makes Oath to lend you no Assistance whilst you are in her Dominions. Why did not she then detain me before, said *Almoraddin*, since the Law render'd me her Slave? The Officer reply'd: She permits the Freedom of Departure to her Lovers, to the End they

may return again, or because she cannot suffer them any long time in her Sight. The Guilty, reply'd *Almoraddin*, blushing, deserve her Indignation, they merit also to return again.

The Oath being tender'd me, I took it, and order'd the Ship to fall down to the Key, where we landed, preceded by our Players on Instruments, and follow'd by the rest of our Men, all very neatly drest. When I saw the charming *Zulikhab*, I ceas'd to wonder at the Impression she had made on *Almoraddin*, and verily believe the eternal Virgins of Paradise exceed her not in Beauty. The Day you arrive, said she to her Lover, I look on you as a Prodigy of tender Passion, why then do you deceive me in the Night? *Almoraddin* was struck dumb for a Moment at this Reproach, and knew how to excuse his Behaviour no otherwise, than by imputing it to that Excess of Love, she herself had attributed to him. He then presented me, with a very good Address to *Zulikhab*, and was much more Eloquent on the Subject of our Friendship, than he had Power to be on his own Passion. After the first Compliments were over, I begg'd leave to withdraw for a while, to give some necessary Orders to our People, some of whom I sent back to the Vessel, charging them to observe the Directions I had before given, and led the rest to one of the Apartments of the *Bazar*, where having lodg'd the Presents design'd for the Queen, I return'd to the Palace.

*Almoraddin* was seated next the Queen, and though his Soul was wholly engross'd with her Beauties, yet he made a Shew of admiring the  
Singing,

Singing, the Dancing and Agility of a Band of dexterous *Kenchenies*<sup>b</sup>. I mingled with them, and became an Actor in their Buffooneries, the better to inspect the Behaviour of the Courtiers. I found *Almoraddin* was a great Favourite among them: Every one deplor'd his Fate, when they consider'd how miserable they should see him the next Day. Some indeed alledg'd the Queen was more to be lamented than him, since she was oblig'd to make wretched a belov'd Lover, and one, who had sacrific'd so much for her. The Diversions were succeeded by a magnificent Supper, at which I observ'd nothing particular, but that the Gaiety *Zulikkah* assum'd, was rather constrain'd than natural. She would now and then fix her Eyes on *Almoraddin*, with a serious and melancholy Air, and on a sudden turn them towards the Guests, endeavouring to conceal her Disquiet. I concluded from this, she loved *Almoraddin*, and knew not herself to how great a Degree of Inclination, Being risen from Table, I dis-engaged myself from the Company, and went to the Palace Gate, where I found three of the most compleat of our Men attending with the Presents, I had ordered to be brought in this Manner.

The Kingdom of *Barrostan* produces gold Dust, Pepper, Camphir and Benjamin, from the Knowledge of which I had regulated our Offerings. The Bearers of them were dressed, by my Orders, after that Country Fashion; I put on a Garment of the same Mode, and conducted them into the great Hall. We ranged ourselves in a

<sup>b</sup> Dancers and Singers by Profession, of whom there are a great many in the Indies.

direct Line, just opposite to the Queen; who not being apprised of any Thing, was extremely surpris'd; and the whole Assembly kept Silence for a Time, expecting the Event. The first Bearer advanced with his Present, and laid it at the Feet of *Zulikbab*; then returned to his Place. His Present was the finest Basket that ever came out of *China*, full of very extraordinary Pastils, with a little Camphir spread on the Top, for Form Sake. The second made an Oblation of his, in the same Manner, which was a Lump of Amber-Grease of six Pounds Weight, covered with little Pieces of Benjamin in a Basin of Enamel from *Japan*. The third offered a small Tree of massy Gold, planted in a Jar of Rock Crystal, full of Gold Dust, which served as Earth about the Root of it. When my Turn came, I approached also; but instead of laying my Present on the Carpet as the others had done, I gave it into the Hands of *Zulikbab*, saying, Queen of Gold and of Perfumes, disdain not the first Fruits of Pepper, I presume to entreat you will accept these Grains, because I am persuaded they will change their Nature, and become very precious in Hands, accustomed to work Miracles. My Present was a great Box of Silver gilt, full of beautiful large Pearls. *Zulikbab* opening it, and examining the Contents, said, with an Air of Gaiety, she never knew there was white Pepper of so charming a Lustre. After that, she returned us Thanks, and dismissed us in the same Manner she would have done, had we been effectually her Subjects.

We accordingly retired, but as I was changing my Habit, two of our Sailors arriv'd quite out of Breath, saying to me, my Lord, all the  
Ship



Ship is in Confusion, our People are cutting one another's Throats, the weakest of them, or rather the most desperate, threaten to put Fire to the Powder, and all will be lost, if *Almoraddin* does not instantly appear. I conducted, that Moment, the two Men before the Queen and *Almoraddin*, making them repeat what they had just said. *Almoraddin* entreated Permission to go and appease this Tumult, and having obtained it, on Condition he would return immediately, we ran directly to the Port. We were no sooner entered the Vessel, than the Menaces of the Combatants, the clashing of their Swords, the Groans of the Wounded, and in a Word, all the Noise we had been told of, was at an End. This was no more, in effect, than a Comedy I had caused to be played, on Purpose to have an Opportunity of discoursing *Almoraddin* alone, and giving him my last Counsels how to proceed, which he received with great Docility. I then reconducted him to the Queen, to whom he made an agreeable Recital of the imaginary Slaughter, which had detained him. The Hour for repose being come, the beautiful *Zulikbab* gave Command to her Officers to lodge me in an Apartment of the Palace, and in Presence of all her Court, introduced the amorous *Almoraddin* into her Bed-Chamber.

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Nero,

Nero,  
Noah's Flood,  
Northern Lads,  
—— Heirefs,  
Œdipus,  
Orphan,  
Othello,  
Perfidious Brother,  
Perplex'd Couple,  
Persian Princess,  
Petticoat Plotter,  
Pilgrim,  
Princess of Cleve,  
Provok'd Wife,  
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—— Heirefs,  
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—— Ladies,  
Rule and have a Wife,  
Sauney the Scot,  
School Boy,  
Scipio Africanus,  
Scornful Lady,  
She wou'd and wou'd'nt,  
She Gallants,  
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